Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878. NUMBER 1.

BARKERS' BIG BIGGER BIGGEST BARGAINS IN CAPS! CLOTHS! CLOTHING! CASSIMERES! CARROLLTOWN.

OUR SALES-BOOK WILL SHOW THAT

WE HAVE SOLD MORE GOODS

DURING THE PAST SIX MONTHS

THAN ANY FIRM IN NORTHERN CAMBRIA,

AND THE REASON IS THAT WE HAVE

SOLD at LOWER PRICES

THAN ANY ONE ELSE COULD DO,

And now wish to inform the people of Carrolltown and vicinity that we have in our Store the

Largest and Most Complete

STOCK OF GOODS

Ever brought to Northern Cambria, and which we are offering

AT PRICES EVEN LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The reason we can afford to do this is, that by buying Goods in large quantities, and buying for cash only, we are enabled to get the very best terms, and the reason why you should buy from us is, that

WE HAVE NOT ONLY THE BEST GOODS AND LARGEST STOCK,

BUT SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

☞ We were among the first to open out in Carrolltown and we do not intend to be driven away by new stores, big advertisements, great promises, or anything of that kind; so if you want to deal

Where there is Square Dealing, and no mistake,

Come Right Along to Our Store,

where you will not only find the bars down, the latch-string out, and a hearty welcome awaiting you, but will get

MORE REAL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

THAN AT ANY OTHER STORE IN THIS REGION.

A. A. BARKER & SON,

CARROLLTOWN.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., to be found in Cambria county. [2-4.] ☞ Don't forget the number and street. [if.]

Closing Out Sale!

HARDWARE, TINWARE, STOVES,

&c., &c., AT

COST! COST!! COST!!!

THE undersigned, having concluded to close up his business as early in the Spring as possible, will from this date sell STOVES, HARDWARE, TIN and SHEET IRON WARE, &c., &c.,

AT COST FOR CASH!

And Cash Only.

As my stock, which is almost entirely new, was bought for cash when goods were down to the lowest point, and as the manufacturers of many goods in my line are daily advancing their prices, this offer gives the public the

BEST OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE BARGAINS

EVER PRESENTED IN THIS SECTION.

In order to give the public an idea of what I am selling goods at I submit a few of my

Great Reductions in Prices:

Double-bitted Axes, worth $1.50 to $1.75.
Reduced to $1.15 to $1.35.
Knives and Forks, worth 90c. to $4.00.
Reduced to 65c. to $2.50.
Sil. Pla. Table Spoons, worth $2.50 to $5.50.
Reduced to $2.00 to $3.00.
Sil. Pla. Teaspoons, worth $1.75 to $2.75.
Reduced to $1.15 to $1.85.
Sil. Pla. Table Castors, worth $1.75 to $8.00.
Reduced to $1.15 to $5.00.
Cook Stoves, worth $23.00 to $50.00.
Reduced to $18.00 to $38.00.
Heating Stoves, worth $6.00 to $35.00.
Reduced to $4.00 to $25.00.

And corresponding reductions in all other goods now in stock. In short, no more than cost price will be asked for any article on hand, while many things will be SOLD AT LESS THAN COST.

In making this offer, however, I wish it to be distinctly understood that no goods will be permitted to leave the store until paid for. Promises to pay to-morrow or next week will not answer, as I am determined to close out my business on a cash basis only.

☞ Persons owing me book accounts or notes are requested to pay up and save costs.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Jan. 11, 1878.-tf.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of JAMES DOYLE, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Jas. Doyle, late of Altoona, Blair county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to J. G. Lake, residing at Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

J. G. LAKE, Administrator.

Dec. 5, 1877.-6t.*

HANDS OFF!—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with the following described property bought of Wm. McGough, which I have removed and taken into my possession: 1 black mare, 2 sheats, 1 cooking stove and fixtures, 1 egg stove, household and kitchen furniture, 40 bushels oats, 30 bushels corn in ears, 1 fanning mill, a lot of hay and straw, two thirds of 13 acres of grain in the ground, 2 sets harness, 3 plows, 1 harrow, chains, etc —all which I have left with the said Wm. McGough during my pleasure.

JAMES F. DAVIS.

Barr Twp., Jan 11, 1878.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Whereas Paul Ellwanger and Regina Ellwanger, his wife, of the borough of Carrolltown, Cambria county, have made an assignment to me of their real and personal estate for the benefit of their creditors, those indebted to said Paul and Regina Ellwanger are requested to make payment, and those having claims against them will present them to me for settlement.

JACOB YEAGLEY, Assignee, &c.

Carrolltown, Jan. 4, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of JOHN HAMMAN, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Juniata county, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ADAM HAMMAN, Administrator.

Allegheny Twp., Dec. 21, 1877.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARY MURRAY, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Mary Murray, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will please present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAS C MURRAY, Administrator.

Cambria Twp., Jan. 18, 1878.-6t.

STRAY CALF.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, in White township, no orabout the 10th day of December last, a bull calf, of roan color and one year old next spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away; otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

MICHAEL SHEEHAN.

White Twp., Jan. 10, 1878.-3t.*

FOR RENT.—The farm, saw-mill, house, barn, etc., late the property of Anthony Swires, dec'd, situated in Clearfield township, are offered for rent for the coming year. Apply to GEO M. READE, Executor.

Ebensburg, Jan. 11, 1878.-3t.

25 CARDS (23 styles) 10c. 30 Bird Cards, 30c., 40 Chromos, 15 Transfers, Cleveland, O.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Silent and white,
Thro' the dim night,
Fell the soft snow,
Now fast, now slow,
Making the posts
Like sheeted ghosts;
Robing the woods
In finer goods
Than ever were spun by mortal skill,
And bleached on the sunny side of the hill.
Where fringes are woven by weavers, where
The warp is mist, and the woof is air;
The world is dressed like a bride in white,
Although the poor old year died last night.

Drop not a tear
On the cold bier
Of the brave year,
Whose corse is here.
His work is done,
And battle won,
And he will be
Named with the free
Thro' future time,
For deeds sublime.
We welcome here
The new born year.
The snow that falls
From the gray walls
Of the thick clouds,
Is not for shrouds
For the days dead,
Or the days dead.
'Tis the white fleece,
Emblem of peace,
Sent down to cheer
The soft young year.
May not red vein
Make a red stain
On the robe white,
Woven last night.
So, ring the soft,
Sweet bells aloft,
Ring the true chime
Of the good time;
Ring loud and clear
For this New Year.

SAVED BY A SONG.

It was Christmas eve. A cold, old fashioned Christmas, with snow lying thick on the ground and still falling heavily, with a touch of fog in the air. It was past ten o'clock, and the streets and lanes of the great city were all but deserted. Merchant and broker, clerk and warehouseman, and the rest of the busy crowd who had thronged those streets by day had one by one drifted away to their homes, and the lofty warehouses loomed black and forbidding over the silent thoroughfares. Here and there the gleam from a solitary window struggled ineffectually with the outer darkness, and served but to bring into stronger relief the general gloom and solitude.

And nowhere was the darkness deeper or the sense of desolation more profound than in St. Winifred's court. St. Winifred's is one of those queer little alleys which in ernest the heart of eastern London, and consists, with one exception, of houses let out as offices, and utterly deserted at night. The court is bounded on one side by St. Winifred's church, while in one corner stands a quaint old house, occupying a nearly triangular piece of ground and forming the exception we have referred to, having been for many years the residence of St. Winifred's organist, Michael Fray.

Many of these ancient churches still remain in odd nooks and corners of the city; relics of a time when London merchants made their homes in the same spot whereon they earned their daily bread, worshipping on Sunday in these narrow aisles, and when their time came asking no better resting-place than beneath those venerable flagstones on which they had knelt in life. The liberality of ancient founders and benefactors has left many of these old churches richly endowed, and still, Sunday after Sunday, rector and curate mount their respective desks, and struggle through their weekly task: but portly aldermen and dignified burgesses no longer fill the high-backed pews. A wheezy verger and pew-opener, with a dozen or so of ancient men and women, care takers of adjoining warehouses or offices, too often form the only congregation.

St. Winifred's, like many of its sister edifices, though small in extent, is a noble monument of ecclesiastical architecture, having been designed by an architect of world wide fame, and boasting stained glass windows of richest color and exquisite design, and oaken carvings of flower and leaf to which the touch of a master has imparted all but living beauty. The western extremity of the church abuts upon a narrow lane, on a week-day one of the busiest in the city; but on Sundays the broad portal is flung open in vain, for its invitation is addressed to empty streets and deserted houses.

The only sign of life, on this Christmas eve, in St. Winifred's court was a faint gleam of flickering firelight proceeding from one of the windows of the quaint three cornered house in which Michael Fray passed his solitary existence. Many years before the period of our story, the same mouth had taken from him wife and child, and since that time Michael Fray had lived desolate, his only solace being the rare old organ, the friend and companion of his lonely hours. The loss of his wife and daughter had left him without kith or kin. His father and mother had died in his early youth, an only brother, a gifted but wayard youth, had in his early life run away to sea, and had there found a watery grave. Being thus left alone in the world Michael Fray's love for music, which had always been the most marked feature of his character, had become intensified into an absolute passion. Evening after evening, when darkness had settled on the city, and none could complain that his music interfered with business or distracted the attention from the nobler clink of gold, he was accustomed to creep quietly into the church and there "talk to himself," as he called it, at the old organ, which answered him back again with a tender sympathy and power of consolation which no mere human listener could ever have afforded. The organ of St. Winifred's was of comparatively small size and made but scanty show of pipes or pedals; but the blackened case and yellow, much-worn keys had been fashioned by the cunning brain and skillful fingers of "Father Smith" himself, and never had the renowned old organ-builder turned out a more skilful piece of workmanship. And Michael Fray, by use of years and loving, tender study, had got by heart every pipe and stop in the rare old instrument, and had acquired an almost magical power in bringing out its tenderest tones and noblest harmonies.

Hear him this Christmas eve, as he sits before the ancient keyboard, one feeble candle dimly glimmering over the well-worn page before him; flickering weirdly over the ancient carving, and calling into momentary life the effigies of mitred abbot and mailed crusader. A feeble old man whose sands of life have all but run out—a sadly weak and tremulous old man, with shaking hands and dim, uncertain eyes, but when they are placed upon those yellow keys, shaking hands shake no longer—the feeble sight finds no labor in those well remembered pages. Under the touch of Michael Fray's deft fingers the ancient organ becomes instinct with life and harmony. The grand old masters lend their noblest strains, and could they revisit earth, need ask no better interpreter. From saddest wail of sorrow to sweetest strain of consolation—from the dirge for the loved and lost, to the paean of the jubilant victor—each shade of human passion, each tender message of divine encouragement, take form and color in succession, under the magic of that old man's touch. Thus sometimes borrowing the song of other singers, sometimes wandering into quaint Æolian harmonies, the spontaneous overflow of his own rare genius, Michael Fray sat and made music charming his sorrows in temporary sleep.

Time crept on, but the player heeded it not, till the heavy bell in the tower above his head boomed forth the hour of midnight and recalled him to reality again. With two or three wailing minor chords he brought his weird improvisation to an end.

"Dear me," he said, with a heavy sigh, "Christmas again! Christmas again! How many times, I wonder! Well, this will be the last; and yet Christmas comes again, and finds me here still, all alone.—Dear, dear! First, poor Dick; and then my darling Alice and little Nell—all gone! Young and bright and merry—all taken! And here am I—old, sad and friendless—and yet I live on, live on! Well, I suppose God knows best!" While thus thinking aloud, the old man was apparently searching for something among his music books, and now produces an ancient page of manuscript, worn almost to fragments, but pasted for preservation on a piece of paper of later date. "Yes, here it is! poor Dick's Christmas song. What a sweet voice he had, dear boy! If he had only lived—but there! I'm murmuring again. God's will be done!"

He placed the music on the desk before him, and, after a moment's pause, began, in tender flute-like tones, to play the melody, at the same time crooning the words in a feeble voice. He played one verse of the song, then stopped and drew his sleeve across his eyes. The scene of his desolation appeared to come anew upon him; he seemed to shrink down, doubly old, doubly feeble, doubly forsaken—when lo! a marvel! Suddenly from the lonely street without, in that chill midnight, came the sound of a violin, and a sweet young voice singing the self-same words to the self-same tender air—the song written by his dead and gone brother forty years before.

The effect on Michael Fray was electrical. For a moment he staggered, but caught at the keyboard before him, and held it with a convulsive grasp.

"Am I dreaming? or are my senses leaving me? Poor Dick's Christmas carol; and I could almost swear the voice is my own lost Nellie's. Can this be death at last? And are the angels welcoming me home with the song I love so dearly? No, surely; either I am going mad, or that is a real living voice! But whose—whose? Heaven help me to find out!" And with his whole frame quivering with excitement—without pausing even to close the organ, or to extinguish his flickering candle—the old man groped his way down the narrow winding stair which led to the street, and hurriedly closing the door behind him, stepped forth bareheaded into the snowy night.

For some hours before Michael Fray was startled, as we have related, by the mysterious echo of his brother's song, an old man and a young girl had been making their way citywards from the southeastern side of London. Both walked wearily as though they had tramped from a long distance, and once or twice the young girl wiped away a tear, though she strove hard to hide it from her companion and forced herself to speak with a cheerfulness in strange contrast with he sunken cheeks and footsore gait. Every now and then, in passing through the more frequented streets, they would pause, and the man, who carried the violin, would strike up some old ballad tune with a vigor and power of execution which even his frost-nipped fingers and weary limbs could not wholly destroy; while the girl with a sweet though very sad voice accompanied him with the appropriate words. But their attempts were miserably unproductive. In such bitter weather few who could help it would stay away from their warm firesides; and those whom stern necessity kept out of doors seemed only bent on despatching their several tasks, and to have no time or thought to expend on a couple of wandering tramps singing by the roadside. Still they toiled on, every now and then making a fresh "pitch" at some likely corner, only too often ordered to "move on" by a stern policeman. As they drew nearer to the city and the hour grew later, the passers by became fewer and farther between, and the poor wanderers felt that it was idle even to seek for charity in those deserted, silent streets. At last the old man stopped and groaned aloud.

"What is it, grandfather dear? Don't give in now; when we have come so far, Lean on me—do; I'm hardly tired at all; and I daresay we shall do better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the old man, bitterly; "to-morrow it will be too late. I don't mind hunger, and I don't mind cold; but the shame of it, the disgrace—after having struggled against it all these years—to come to the work-house at last! It isn't for myself I mind—beggars mustn't be choosers; and, I daresay, better men than I have slept in a casual ward; but you, my tender little Lily. The thought breaks my heart! it kills me!" And the old man sobbed aloud.

"Dear grandfather, you are always thinking of me; and never of yourself. What does it matter, after all? it's only the name of the thing. I'm sure I don't mind it one bit." The shudder of horror which passed over the girl's frame gave the lie to her pious falsehood. "I daresay it is not so very bad; and, after all, something may happen to prevent it even now!"

"What can happen, short of a miracle; in these deserted streets?"

"Well, let us hope for the miracle then, dear. God has never quite deserted us in our deepest troubles, and I don't believe He will forsake us now."

As she spoke she drew her thin shawl more closely round her, shivering in spite of herself under the cold blast, which seemed to receive no check from her scanty coverings. Again the pair crept on, and passing beneath the walls of St. Winifred's church, stood beneath it for a temporary shelter from the driving wind and snow. While so standing, they caught the faint sounds of the organ pealing within.

"Noble music," said the old man as the final chords died away; "noble music, and a soul in the playing. That man, whoever he may be, should have a generous heart."

"Hush, grandfather," said the girl, "he is beginning to play again."

Scarcely had the music commenced, however, than the pair gazed at each other in breathless surprise.

"Lily, darling, do you hear what he is playing?" said the old man in an excited whisper.

"A strange coincidence," the girl replied.

"Strange! it is more than strange! Lily, darling, who could play that song?"

The melody came to an end, and all was silence. There was a moment's pause, and then, as if by a common impulse, the old man drew his bow across the strings, and the girl's sweet voice carolled forth the second verse of the song. Scarcely had they ended, when a door opened at the foot of the church tower just beside them, and Michael Fray, bareheaded, with his scanty locks blown about by the winter wind, stood before them. He hurried forward, and then stood still, shamefaced, bewildered. The song had called up the vision of a gallant young sailor, full of life and health, as Michael had seen his brother for the last time on the fatal voyage. He had hurried forth, forgetting the years that had passed, full of tender memories of happy boyish days, to find, alas! only a couple of wandering beggars, singing for bread.

"I beg your pardon," he said, striving vainly to master his emotion; "you sang a song just now which—which—a song which was a favorite of a dear friend of mine many years ago. Will you—will you tell me where you got it?"

"By the best of all titles, sir," the old fiddler answered, drawing himself up with a touch of artistic pride; "I wrote it myself, words and music both."

"Nay, sir," said Michael sternly, "you rob the dead. A dearly loved brother of mine wrote that song forty years ago."

"Well, upon my word!" said the old fiddler; waxing wroth—"then your brother must have stolen it from me! What might this precious brother's name be, pray?"

"An honest name; a name, I am proud to speak," said Michael firing up in his turn; "this name was Richard Fray?"

The old street musician staggered as if he had received a blow.

"What!" he exclaimed, peering eagerly into the other's face; "then you are my brother Michael, for I am Richard Fray!"

Half an hour later and the brothers so long parted, so strangely brought together, were seated round a roaring fire in Michael Fray's quaint, three-cornered parlor.—Michael's stores had been ransacked for warm, dry clothes for the wanderers. Drawers long closed, which yielded when opened a sweet scent of lavender and contained homely skirts and bodices, kept still in loving memory of little Nell, gave up their treasures for Lily's benefit, and Richard Fray's snow-shodden clothes were replaced by Michael's choicest coat and softest slippers. The wanderers had done full justice to a plentiful meal and a jug of fragrant punch now steamed upon the hob and was laid under frequent contributions, while Richard Fray told the story of thirty years' wandering, and the brothers found how it had come to pass that, each thinking the other dead, they had lived their lives, and married and buried their dear ones, being sometimes but a few miles apart, and yet as distant as though severed by the grim Divider himself. And Lily sat on a cushion at her grandfather's feet, a picture of quiet happiness, and sang sweet songs to please the two old men, while Michael lovingly traced in her soft features fanciful likenesses to his lost Nelly, the strange similarity of the sweet voice a ding the tender illusion. And surely no happier family party was gathered together in all England on that Christmastide, than that little group round Michael Fray's quiet fireside.

"Well, grandfather, dear," said Lily, after a pause, "won't you believe in miracles now?"

"My darling," said the old man, with his voice broken with emotion, "God forgive me for having over doubted Him."—*London Society.*

THIRTEEN KINDS OF METHODISTS.—The Methodist Almanac for 1878 gives a complete list of Methodist organizations in the United States, with the number of members belonging to each. They are as follows: Methodist Episcopal Church, 1,678,287 members; Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 722,342 members; Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, 80,000; African M. E. Church, 214,806; African M. E. Zion Church, 200,000; Evangelical Association (Albright's) 105,013; United Brethern in Christ, 143,841; Union M. E. Church (colored), 2,550; Methodist Protestant Church, 113,405; Free Methodists, 19,232; Primitive Methodists, 3,320; Independent Methodists, 12,500. The total number of members in the United States is over 3,315,000; in Canada the Methodists number 161,172; in Great Britain and her colonies, 907,404. The aggregate of Methodist church members in all the world is stated to be 4,383,888. The total net increase of lay members for 1877, throughout the world, is given as 211,300. The "Colored M. E. Church," one of the newest of these, has now four bishops, 600 traveling preachers, 682 local preachers, and between 80,000 and 90,000 members. One of the bishops (Lane) is described as a native of Tennessee, 43 years old, tall, erect and showing in his general appearance a preponderance of Anglo Saxon blood. He was a slave before the war, and never had the opportunity of attending school a day in his life.

THE *Rural New Yorker* notes that, in drying, corn loses one-fifth and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for the farmer to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents than at $1 per bushel in the following summer, and tha wheat at $1.25 in December is equal to $1.50 in the succeeding June. In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost, together with the shrinkage—there is little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than 33 per cent.

SHOT ALL TO PIECES.

A letter received a few days since from a person in New Hampshire, occurs this sentence: "Old Simon Love stopped here yesterday on his way home. He is almost 92, and is hale and hearty."

And that brought to mind an incident which happened twenty five years ago—yes twenty-nine years ago—it was in autumn of 1848. The same Simon Love, then 63 years of age, and living with a son-in-law on the Grand Intervale, and, under Mote Mountain, had been laid up for more than a year with what the doctors called lumbago. He could not arise from his chair without assistance, nor could he move from chair to bed without the help of a strong man, for he was himself very heavy. There seemed to be a sort of paralysis of all the muscles of the lumbar regions, and when the pain came it came furiously. I don't know how many bottles of liniment and patent ungents had been rubbed upon the outside, or how many barrels of swash he poured down his throat. He seemed to grow worse instead of better, and with the prospect of another hard, long winter before him, he didn't think he should survive it.

Well, one day early in October, while the pigeons were very plenty Mr. Hammond, Love's son in-law, was fixing his double barrel gun for a shot at them. He had just cut a piece of India wheat, not far away, and there the pigeons would be sure to gather, and he meant to be ready for them. He had loaded both barrels heavily and put on the percussion caps; but as the caps were slightly small for the tubes he had to press them on, which he was wont to do by easing the hammer down upon them.

Old Simon sat by the fireplace, bolstered up in the great easy chair with padding of pillows and blankets for his back and cushions for his feet.

"Look out, Nathan!" he cried, as he saw the double muzzle pointed uncomfortably near to him.

"Pooh, ther' ain't no danger, dad," returned Nathan, pressing the hammer down upon the cap.

But the cap was a very sensitive one, and he pressed a little too hard, and—

Mercy! what a crash! and what a howl. The right barrel of the gun was discharged with a report that shook the house from ridge pole to foundation, and a few of the shot grazed Simon Love's leg. He, poor man, believed he was shot dead. He sent forth a howl, loud and long, and leaped to his feet.

"Murder! murder! murder! I'm dead—killed—shot to pieces. O! O! O! Murder!"

And away he leaped out of doors—out into the yard—where he danced up and down, yelling like mad all the while, until Nathan and his wife and a hired man came to his assistance. They got him into the house and got him down into his chair and after critical examination they found two or three livid lines upon the calf of his right leg, where a stray shot had just grazed the skin.

"Ain't I shot?"

"No. Get up and see."

He was up in a moment, standing first upon one leg and then upon the other, and presently the thought occurred to him that he had really risen and unaided. He started off upon a brisk walk, without pain and without hindrance. He could hardly credit the evidence of his own senses. He leaped and he danced; he ran to the well and back again.

"Glory, halielujah! Nathan, I'm a well man!"

And he spoke truly. The terrific shock, convulsing every nerve and straining every muscle, had healed him, and from that time he had not another touch of the old trouble.

A RAILROAD VELOCIPEDE.—Mr. Johnson, a travelling musician, being in Garland, Col., and anxious to depart, manufactured a railroad velocipede with which he proposes to travel into Texas. Having become possessed of two wheeled velocipedes, such as were in common use a few years ago, he proceeded to fasten them together to run on a railroad. Wooden axles were constructed so that the machine could be adapted to any gauge of track, a broader tread was placed on the wheels, to which were added flanges made of whisky barrel hoops, levers were fitted to give means for using the hands as well as the feet to gain motive power, the whole arrangement was given a coat of red paint, and it was placed on the track at Garland ready for service. The machine weighs about forty pounds, and is easily handled. The operator sits on a seat resting across what were the two seats of the old velocipedes.

Johnson mounted his novel travelling apparatus at Garland, and arrived here without accident, having made the trip at the rate of about fifteen miles per hour. He remained in this city a day or two and, altering the gauge of his car to suit that of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, he started out on Friday afternoon for the East. Our informant tells us that he saw Johnson near Goldsmith's ranch, and tried to keep up with his car on a good horse, but the animal was soon distanced. The engineer of the eastern-bound passenger train met Johnson at Apishapa yesterday.

Johnson is an old railroad man, and always provides himself with a time card so that he can keep out of the way of the regular trains. His apparatus is so light that it can be moved from the rails in a moment.—*Golden Globe.*

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY OF A FAMILY.—The following record of the ages, at the time of their deaths, of the eight sons of the late Ephraim Fenton, of Cheltenham township, Montgomery county, Pa., shows a length and evenness of life not usually found in a single family: Ephraim Fenton, the father, died in the 75th year of his age; Mrs. Fenton, the mother, died in the 70th year of her age; Samuel, the first son, died in his 79th year; Eleazer, the second son, died in his 78th year; James, the third son, died in his 78th year; William the fourth son, died in his 74th year; Randall the fifth son, died in his 74th year; Charles P., the sixth son, died in his 74th year; Ephraim, the seventh son, died in his 79th year; Thomas, the eighth son, died in his 74th year. Ephraim, the seventh son, the last surviving, member died last June. The above eight sons comprised the entire family, no females being born to the house in that generation, and all were born in the same dwelling.

MONKEYS are used for food in Japan. Keep away from there.

ANXIOUS TO WED.

The afternoon services had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when the parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said, in a calm, clear voice:

'Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please come forward.'

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, only broken by the rustling of the silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to rise. Whereupon the clergyman, deeming the first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated.

'Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward.'

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost intense, and a painful sense of awkwardness among those present was felt, when a young man, who occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well-dressed, but no female accompanied him. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything, nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked around for the bride, who, he supposed, was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young man, in an undertone:

'The young lady, sir, is dilatory.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Had you better not defer the ceremony?'

'I think not.'

'Do you suppose she will be here soon?'

'I, sir?' said the young man; 'how should I know of the lady's movements?'

A few moments were allowed to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

'Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour?'

'What lady?'

'Why the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for.'

'I did not hear her say anything about it,' was the unsatisfactory response.

'Then, sir, may I ask you why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?' said the somewhat enraged clerical.

'I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and I wish you a very good day.'

The benediction was pronounced in a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves, and when, after the church was closed, the story got amongst the congregation, more than one girl regretted that the young man who really wished to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony had been obliged to depart without a wife.

WARM WEATHER MADE TO ORDER.—A scheme for tempering the severity of the winters of Canada is now attracting considerable attention. The cold of the winters all along the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is considered to be largely due to a constant current of water from the Arctic regions which sweeps down the Straits of Bellisle, a passage some twelve miles in width, between Newfoundland and Labrador, carrying with it masses of ice and snow. It is proposed to close up the strait by connecting Newfoundland with the mainland. The advocates of the scheme argue that the temperature of Labrador, Quebec and Newfoundland would thus be materially raised and vast regions of now sterile and worthless land rendered fit for cultivation. The shutting out of the Arctic current would be followed, it is thought, by a diversion of a greater portion of the Gulf Stream, and probably the gulf would remain open and navigable all winter. The fertility of Prince Edward island and the south shore of the St. Lawrence are alleged to be due to the absence of these Arctic waves and the genial influence of the Gulf Stream, and were the Polar current diverted by the closing of the straits, it is supposed that it would diverge into the Atlantic and speedily become absorbed.

The work proposed is a gigantic engineering enterprise, and would require an immense outlay, but it is pronounced possible of accomplishment, and if it should be attended with anything like the results claimed for it in advance, the expenditure would be far more than repaid. It is possible, however, that in the discussion of the subject the influence of ocean streams upon temperature has been exaggerated. The present exceptionally mild winter is credited to the unusual proximity of the Gulf Stream to the coast, but this theory would seem to be negatived by the fact that the same unseasonable mildness with which we are favored, prevails in the interior, which would hardly be the case unless the cause of the change was of a less localized character.—*Boston Traveller.*

A DOG STORY.—The most sagacious dog of all the canine tribe of which tradition tells an authentic history lived and died in China. He was the property of Sin-Chun, and dog and master were inseparable companions and greatly attached to each other. Sin Chun fell asleep one day in a thicket and the dog lay watching at his side. The Governor of the province was out on a hunting expedition and ordered the grass of the thicket to be fired to drive the game out of it. The dog saw the fire come sweeping on and tugged at Sin Chun's clothing to waken him. The man slept heavily—probably opium or hasheesh was flying away somewhere with his five senses. The dog knew his duty and did not hesitate to do it. He plunged into a stream near by and came out dripping. Thus he carried water and rolled it on the grass around his master. This he repeated until the grass was saturated and the billows of flames were stayed at a safe distance from Sin Chun. But the dog was fatally burned. When Sin Chun awoke he found his friend dead at his side. He saw how it was in a minute and told the Governor, who caused the animal to be put in a handsome tomb, which he called the "Tomb of the faithful dog." It was worth a dog's dying for.

A BROTHER EDITOR says he knows there is a hell, because he has frequently been told by very good men to go there.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - JAN'Y 25, 1878.

GEO. GLADDEN has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the Texas State Penitentiary for the crime of murder. Such a sentence, while preferable, no doubt, to hanging, is not calculated to *gladden* a man very much.

JAMES B. GROOME, Democrat, was elected last week by the Maryland Legislature to the United States Senate for six years from March 4th, 1879, as the successor of Dr. Dennis, who dug his own political grave a few weeks ago by voting with Mr. Conkling to reject certain New York custom house nominations made by Mr. Hayes. Mr. Groome a few years ago was elected Governor to serve out the unexpired term of Whyte, who had been elected to the Senate, of which he is still a member.

IT was said by a very wise man that "the world is governed too much," and the Legislature of this State is furnishing conclusive evidence of the truth of the remark. Since it met on the first day of the month it has not had more than *ten* working days up to last Friday, yet the astounding number of 699 bills were introduced into the House, and 223 of them reported from committees, during that time—enough to keep it busily at work for two months to come. The principal object of a session of the Legislature now seems to be to repeal or amend the acts passed by its predecessor.

A MEMBER of the Legislature, Eberhart by name, hailing from the "State of Beaver," wants the time for holding the general election restored back to the second Tuesday of October. This can be done, under a provision of the new consitution, by a *two-thirds* vote of the Legislature in favor of a bill for the purpose; but the people are not asking for it and don't desire a return to first principles on that score. Ohio still holds her election for State officers in October, but will no doubt soon adopt the day which now prevails in nearly all the northern and western States, and in many southern States. The member from Beaver had better abandon his little bill and turn his attention to something that has merit in it.

THERE is a conflict of views between the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Committee on Education in the House on the subject of compulsory education in the common schools of our State. In his last report, Mr. Wickersham states his objections to the project, as he had done in former reports, and yet the House Committee on Education has reported a bill to enforce it. We have no doubt that the Superintendent represents nine-tenths of the people of the State in the position he has taken on this question, and that the Legislature will be in accord with him if the bill which has been reported ever reaches a vote. To establish compulsory education in opposition to the views and wishes of the Superintendent of Common Schools would be about as effective a blow as the Legislature could possibly inflict upon the system.

THE new constitution made it the duty of the Legislature at the first session after its adoption to fix the compensation of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and also of the Judges of the several judicial districts of the State. Although it would not seem to be a very difficult matter to adjust, and although it has been attempted at each of the four sessions which has been held since the constitution went into effect, the legislative wisdom of the commonwealth has not thus far been equal to the task and the old salaries remain unchanged. An effort will be made during the present session, and it is to be hoped successfully, to arrive at a settlement of the vexed question. The principal difficulty heretofore has been that the members from Philadelphia and Allegheny counties demand higher salaries for their judges than the members from the rest of the State have been willing to concede.

THE Democratic members of the Legislature of Kentucky, after a protracted struggle in caucus, last week, nominated and elected General John S. Williams as the successor of Thomas C. McCreery in the United States Senate. The new Senator is familiarly known as "Cerro Gordo Williams," for something which he did, but of which we know nothing, at the battle of that name during the Mexican war. He is a man of very considerable ability, but is charged with holding very loose and objectionable views on the binding obligation of a State to pay its public debt. It may be that the charge is false, but if it is not the Democracy of the gallant State of Kentucky have committed a grievous error, and it would have been far better for General Williams if he had died a soldier's death on the heights of Cerro Gordo, than to occupy a seat in the Senate as the advocate of State or national dishonor.

THE two Turkish peace commissioners arrived at Kezanlik on Friday last and were received by the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas. Nothing definite seems to be known of the terms demanded by Russia, nor the concessions willing to be made by Turkey. We had supposed that when the representatives of the two governments met in conference hostilities would be suspended, but on the next day the Russian General, Skobeleff, entered Adrianople with his cavalry, meeting with no resistance, as the Turks had abandoned the city, deeming it impossible to defend it. The Russians do not appear to have advanced beyond that point, and all reports concur in the belief that an armistice will be speedily concluded, for the reason that one Turkish defeat having been followed by another, no other alternative will be left, even though the conditions exacted by Russia may be of the most severe and humiliating character. A few days more will tell the tale.

THE inauguration of General McClellan as Governor of New Jersey, at Trenton, on last Tuesday week, brought to that historic city an immense crowd of people, not only from all parts of the State, but also from Pennsylvania and New York. As a popular demonstration it was perhaps unequaled by any display of a similar kind that has ever taken place. There is something wonderful in the wild enthusiasm with which McClellan is always greeted whenever he shows himself to a crowd, and especially if any of the old soldiers who fought in the Army of the Potomac are present. As a leading Republican paper of Philadelphia, in referring to the scenes at Trenton, says, "General McClellan probably has a larger and more enthusiastic following than any other living American." The people of this country believed in 1862, and they believe yet, that he was the victim of a series of base and ignoble persecutions by a cabal at Washington, who were envious of his rising fame and determined to crush him, and although they succeeded in their cowardly purpose for a time, there is still the same magic in his name, and the whole-souled patriotism and uncompromising integrity of the man are deep-seated in the popular heart. His inaugural address, like everything that comes from his pen, is well and forcibly written, but is too long for publication in our columns. On the financial policy of the government, upon which so many and so conflicting views are held by the people, General McClellan espouses the side of hard money and the resumption of specie payment on the first of January, 1879, as provided for by the act of Congress. The career of Gen. McClellan in the new field upon which he has entered will be watched with great interest, not only by his personal friends and admirers, but by the people of the whole country.

THE Philadelphia Democrats last week elected *eight* Senatorial and *twenty-eight* Representative delegates to the State convention. It is said that some of them favor the nomination of Gen. McCandless, the present Secretary of Internal Affairs, for Governor; that others are for Andrew H. Dill, State Senator from Union county, and that a few prefer James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburgh. As the next State convention will be a most important one, it was expected that the Democracy of Philadelphia would be represented in it by their ablest and most trusted leaders. A careful study of the list of delegates, however, discloses the name of only one who is favorably known to the Democracy of the State. We mean Wm. V. McGrath, formerly State Treasurer, and a gentleman of character and influence in the party. The balance of the thirty-six are obscure and unknown, at least outside of their own districts, with the exception of the inevitable Bill McMullen, who has a reputation throughout the State by no means enviable. We miss the familiar name of Sam Josephs in the list, but he will no doubt turn up in the convention as a substitute. From the fact that the seats of *one half* of the Senatorial and of 12 of the 28 Representative delegates are contested, we infer that the management of Democratic affairs in that city has fallen into the worst possible hands, and that the influence of the delegation on the State convention will not be as powerful as its numbers would lead one to expect.

THE discussion in the Senate of Matthews' silver resolution had not been brought to a close up to Wednesday evening. When the vote is taken upon it, Bland's silver bill, which is a matter of much greater importance, will be taken up, but as the consideration of the Matthews resolution was virtually a discussion of the Bland bill, it is not probable that the latter will occupy much time. The bill, as we have before stated, authorizes the coinage of silver dollars of 412½ grains, and makes them a legal tender to any amount for all debts, public and private, which of course includes the bonds of the government. If it passes the Senate in its present shape, as it did the House, it will be vetoed, and to avoid that it is believed the bill will be changed in some of its most important features.

AWFUL SUFFERING OF TURKISH REFUGEES.—The London *Daily Telegraph* prints the following, under date of Constantinople, January 20th:

Mr. Master, agent of the English Relief Fund, has just arrived here with a train full of refugees from Adrianople. These unhappy people have been in open cattle trucks three days.—Many perished from the cold weather. Last night fifteen were found dead in trucks. The suffering of all is described as awful. Mothers are reported, in their frenzy, as throwing away living babes rather than see them die in their arms. As the train moved from Adrianople numbers of people tried to cling to the outside and the framework of the carriages, and many attempted to ride on the bumpers. At one station, where hundreds of people had congregated without food for two days, men threatened Mr. Master with violence if bread was not given to them. Yesterday there were 15,000 women and children out in the snow at Charlou. Three trains full are hourly expected to arrive at Constantinople. It is not known where they will find shelter. The snow is seven inches deep and is still falling. The cold is intense. All that can possibly be done is being effected by administrators of the relief fund, but many lives are being sacrificed.

A WHOLESALE MURDERER.—A Rio Janeiro letter says much talk has been caused by the recent confession of a man that he was the real author of the murder and burning of a family of eight persons in 1852, for which a wealthy planter and three of his slaves were executed in 1856. The tragedy occurred near Machai, and the murderer says that he was assisted by some dependents. He forced the house in the dead of night, secured all the inmates, outraged the ill fated women, and then, driven to desperation, as he foresaw the consequences, deliberately murdered the whole family to destroy their evidence, and set the house on fire in expectation that their death would be ascribed to accident.

THERE is a curious romance in the daily business of the dead letter office. Every day there comes with the list from Philadelphia a letter enclosed in a plain white envelope and addressed in the delicate chirography of a woman, to "Edward P. Ewing." Simply this and nothing more. The lady never signs anything but her initials, hence the letters cannot be returned to her. One can imagine a broken-hearted woman every day sending a letter out into the world to her lost lover, in the vain hope that some day it may reach his hands. She does not know his whereabouts, so she sends her letters out, directed anywhere, nowhere, hoping, yet despairing of its ever reaching him.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21, 1878.

CONGRESS.

Senator Davis offered a petition of bankers and brokers of Chicago, opposing the silver bill now before that body, and in doing so said that whilst he knew many of its signers to be men of standing, nevertheless, in his opinion, which was derived from intimate association with the masses of the people, the views of the bankers and brokers in opposition to the bill represented but a small number of the people of that city; and at the same time he presented a petition of citizens of the town where he resides in favor of the bill, remarking as he did so that it was the true expression of the people of the entire county, which was the fourth county in population in the State. He announced while offering these petitions that whilst he had no agency in getting them up, he felt it his duty to place the fact that the people of his State were largely in favor of the bill before the SENATE.

MR. EDMUNDS

offered an amendment to the resolution of Mr. Matthews, submitted last December, which amendment was but a reflex of the Eastern capitalist against the silver bill; also a concurrent resolution prohibiting any person from appearing before the bar of either the Senate or House to present any petition or memorial, or from delivering any address, argument, or speech, on any subject whatever, save such persons as shall appear as counsel in cases of contempt or impeachment. This resolution is intended to prevent any of the old gals, *alias* female suffragists, from gaining admission within the doors of either House for the purpose of making speeches in behalf of their cause, as asked for by them a few days ago. It is a privilege that has never been accorded any one, and we are glad that Senators and Members were found to handle these old hags without gloves, and put a quietus upon their loud-mouthed howlings.

THE NEWLY ELECTED SENATOR,

Mr. Voorhees, who fills the place of the late O. P. Morton, treated us to his maiden speech as U. S. Senator during the past week. The Senate chamber was literally packed with a mass of intelligent persons, the floor of the Senate being well filled with visiting members from the House. He advocated the passage of the silver bill, and his address was fully up to his reputation, both in logic and rhetoric, at the conclusion of which he was warmly congratulated by a large majority of those present, a boquet at the same moment being placed upon his desk, business being for a short time totally suspended. Among the first to grasp him by the hand was Mr. Bland, author of the silver bill, while the few opponents of the bill, representing the moneyed aristocracy, occupied the position of "wall flowers." Prominent among the many good points made by Senator Voorhees was that "the moneyed aristocracy had for the last seventeen years triumphed in the financial legislation of the United States, and the time had now come when their victories over the poor and laboring classes must be reversed, or sooner or later the people will no longer be free." Mr. Voorhees, during his masterly effort, quoted from his late predecessor, O. P. Morton, who held the same views as is embodied in the present Bland silver bill, as follows: "That a combination of stock jobbers, as destitute of conscience as pirates, and inspired alone by greed for money, successfully thundered at these doors and finally drove this government into the most stupendous act of bad faith with the people and legalized robbery ever practiced upon any people since the dawn of history." We regret that want of space forbid us giving any more of Mr. Voorhees able argument in behalf of the people. Stanley Matthews' silver resolution, upon a motion to refer the same to the committee on judiciary, the motion having been lost by a vote of 31 against 7, still remains before the Senate for its action thereon. The Senate was not full at the time, as it was not expected a vote would be taken, but this vote showed a majority sufficient to carry the Bland silver bill through.

IN THE HOUSE

most of the week was consumed by the introduction and reference of a number of bills, both private and public, the following important measures succeeding the above regular business at intermediate intervals; A resolution to hold a special session and allow the female suffragist to be heard at the bar of the House; in support of an amendment to the constitution allowing females to vote, which was rejected by a rousing big majority, and was quiet a set back given to the old spinsters, who departed sadder but wiser old gals.

SUNSET COX,

upon being asked if he had raised his voice against the appropriation to clear "Hell Gate," New York, replied that he believed in hell, and whenever he looked on the radical side of the House he had a confirmation of his belief (laughter), but that he voted against the appropriation for "Hell Gate" for the reason that he stood for the country and not for a locality (much laughter on our side).

THE COMMITTEE ON PENSIONS

will report a bill granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of the Mexican war, as well as a bill restoring to the pension rolls all who were dropped upon the charge of disloyalty during the late unpleasantness.

ROASTED ALIVE.—The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of Sunday morning says: A workman at Belcher's Sugar Refinery yesterday morning discovered a horrible sight on the top of the furnace and boilers of that institution. A poor, houseless wretch, probably ill, had crawled up there about four days ago, for warmth. During the night he had died. The fires were started up the next morning and every morning since. The body of the poor wretch had been literally roasted, even the face being charred and the whole body thoroughly baked. Nothing was found in the pockets of the wretched clothing by which the dead man could be identified, and last night the horrible looking corpse lay on a dripping slab at the Morgue, marked "Unknown." The features are distorted, the mouth wide open, the hands are tightly clenched, and the whole appearance that of one who died in great agony. There is a horrible suspicion that the poor unknown crawled up on the furnace when drunk, and awoke from the stupefaction of liquor when too late to save himself.

—A Pottsville special dispatch to the Phila. *Times*, dated Jan. 21st, says that the detectives of the Pinkerton Agency, who made such quiet arrests on Saturday night of the supposed murderers of Patrick Burns, awoke this morning to a realization of the fact that in one instance they had taken into custody the wrong man. It transpired to day that Michael Bergan was not the man who shot Burns at all, but Martin Bergan, who was, until recently, in the Luzerne County Jail. His whereabouts now are not known. The detectives feel very sore over the discovery.

HON. HARRY WHITE, of Pennsylvania, said in a late speech in Congress that "the honest laboring man of the country has become too intelligent to be deceived by the blatant vaporings of the mere place seekers." This may be true; but if it is true the Philadelphia *Record* thinks that the honest laboring man must be in a sad minority in Mr. White's district.

Eaten by Dogs.

A CHILD SET UPON BY A SCORE OF DOGS AND TORN TO PIECES AFTER HAVING BEEN ABANDONED.

The Philadelphia *Times* of Saturday tells a most revolting story, as follows:

The marshes of Cooper's creek, which winds through the eastern suburb of Camden, yesterday gave up a story of a singularly revolting nature. East Camden is an unimportant village, and though within the corporate limits of the city over the river is rarely looked after by the police. It is made of farm-houses and scattering tenements stretched along Market street, but above and below, on the creek, are several large factories. Near one of these, occupied by a company who prepare fluids for varnishing, lives a laboring man named James Sheridan. When Mrs. Sheridan arose on Thursday morning she saw through a window that looked towards a marsh, a number of dogs gathered around some object. Later she heard the dogs growling fiercely, as though fighting over what she at first supposed was a bone. Looking out again Mrs. Sheridan noticed that the number of dogs had increased to ten or twelve, so she armed herself with a club, and about six o'clock started out to drive the brutes away. Most of the dogs slunk off as she approached, but three of the largest stood over the object and showed their teeth. Mrs. Sheridan was near enough to see what she thought was the head of a child, but though resolute made several wary movements before the fierce animals could be frightened.

When a few missiles had been hurled by her, however, all three scampered away, with blood on their chops. Mrs. Sheridan was stricken with horror to find that the dogs had been fighting over the dead body of an infant, about three years old. Both legs had been eaten off up to the knees and the scalp torn from the head. Both arms were bared of flesh, the entrails were protruding, and portions of the child's teeth could be seen all over the little one's body. Pieces of flesh were found lying on the ground, where they had been dropped by the snarling brutes. From traces on the ground it was plain that the mutilated body had been dragged a considerable distance during the night. Mrs. Sheridan gathered up the remains and took them to her house. When her husband returned in the evening he commenced the strange discovery to Coroner Roberts. Yesterday morning the Coroner transferred the remains to his office, on North Third street, above Federal, where a large number of gentlemen were admitted. The Coroner gives it as his opinion that the child—a boy—was abandoned, while alive, among the reeds along the creek, and that the dogs found it when it was too weak to offer resistance.

What was left of the body showed, upon medical examination, that at the time of its supposed abandonment the infant was in robust health. The limbs were large and the face round. As no missing child has been reported at the City Hall for several weeks, and as inquiry throughout East Camden yesterday failed to throw any light upon the case, the police also conclude that the boy was left on the banks of the creek by some person desirous of being rid of him. Coroner Roberts gave the case into the hands of special officers, but at a late hour last evening they were unable to report that anything like a definite clue had been unravelled. An old lady, residing near Cooper's creek bridge, said last evening that just after sundown on Wednesday she saw a middle-aged man standing on the bridge. He had a child, apparently about five years old, in his arms. It was crying, and, after looking over towards a bone mill, which stands near the Amboy tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the man passed on, going westward in the direction of Camden. She could not describe the dress of the man further than that he wore a fur cap and a dark-brown overcoat buttoned up to the chin.

The *Times* of Tuesday says that Abagail Todd, the mother of the unfortunate babe above referred to, who was subsequently arrested, has made a statement that the child was still-born on Monday of last week, and that she put it in a bucket and threw it in the marsh near where it was found. She has been separated from her husband for two years, and is now in a critical state of health. Death from improper delivery, caused by the mother's desire to conceal her shame, was the verdict of the coroner's jury.

MUCH MARRIED.—There now lives in Dakota county, Minnesota, a man who has only recently married his sixth wife, in St. Paul, Minn. He was born in New Brunswick, married there, and moved to Minnesota with his first wife and two children—both girls—in the year 1867, or thereabouts. At Minneapolis his wife died, and, afterward, one child. Here, a short time after, he married a widow with one child, a boy. Moving thence to Stearne county, he remains until five children are born, all girls. One dies, and afterwards his second wife. After a lapse of six or seven months he marries again a widow with a boy. This woman is a Hoosier and proves to much for him. In less than two years he gives her a thousand dollars to grant him a divorce. He obtains it, starts for Maine, meets with a woman separated from her husband, but not divorced, falls in love(?), marries her as soon as the divorce is obtained—the extra boy coming afterward this time. In a year and a half she dies, leaving no children belonging to him. Nowise discouraged, after three and one-half years he marries another Maine widow. Then he returns to Minnesota, where, on the 11th of August last, his fifth wife passed from earth, leaving him another girl. And now her place is already filled by a sixth—whether maid or widow the writer hereof knows not. Who will dare to be the next? If any man outside of Salt Lake City, or at least outside the regions of polygamy, can show a better (or worse) record, let him produce it.

A GOOD OUTLOOK.—The large receipts of grain and flour at Chicago, Milwaukee and other Western gathering points for the first half of the present month speak well for a very active movement to this port by railroad during the winter months and for a general revival of business in New York. Large grain receipts here mean activity in the dry goods and other trades in the spring, as well as better employment for labor during the winter. The wheat arriving in Chicago by the Northwestern and other lines from January 1 to January 14 this year foots up 752,000 bushels, against 365,000 during the corresponding period in 1877, and 525,000 bushels in 1876. The corn movement has scarcely yet begun this year, in consequence of the unfavorable weather. At Milwaukee the January receipts thus far this year have been 487,000 bushels, against 334,000 bushels last year. But the largest receipts known in one day for many years were those of January 15, being, at Chicago, 102,000 bushels of wheat and 140,000 bushels of corn, and at Milwaukee 91,000 bushels of wheat. These facts, with the active and strong flour and grain market at Liverpool, the decline of the gold premium on Tuesday below two per cent., the lowest point reached since April 29, 1872, and the prospect of further European complications, promise well for the business prosperity of the United States and for a general revival of our real estate, railroad, shipping and other interests.—*Philadelphia Commonwealth.*

A HUMAN MONSTROSITY.—A number of our citizens will remember the conflagration in the neighborhood of Vine and Liberty streets, the old corporation line, twenty-seven years ago. One of the houses burned was occupied by Mr. Joseph Folz and wife, who are now managing a dairy on Western avenue.

The fire broke out late at night and caused considerable alarm. Mrs. Folz at the time was at the point of confinement, and the fear and excitement had the effect of her giving birth to a boy, who was terribly deformed, having no toes or fingers. The child, moreover, was devoid of the senses of hearing and speaking.

The parents of the monstrosity did everything in their power for the relief of the child, but it never could learn to speak or make use of its other organs. The little boy grew up to manhood, and is living today. A special room has been fitted up for his abode, and none but members of the family are allowed to visit him. The poor fellow is hardly able to crawl even a short distance, and he is only able to eat his meals by having his food put into his mouth.—*Cincinnati Star.*

News and Other Notings.

—Five women of Clarion county have recently made ineffectual efforts to commit suicide.

—A man in a Nevada mill was bored through by a two-inch auger that was run by machinery.

—Utica, N. Y., boasts of a veritable white rat; same as a common rat with the exception of color.

—The New York banks are about to resume specie payments in gold. Hold on to your greenbacks.

—A sale of good farming land was made in Stafford county, Va., a few days ago, at less than $1 an acre.

—J. D. Kelley, of Madison, Kansas, exhibits corn which weighs one and one-fourth pounds to the ear.

—A full-blown pond lily was discovered under the clear ice by a party of boys skating at North Sandwich, Mass.

—Charles H. Cawley, of Allentown, Pa., seventeen years old, recently skated from Selinsgrove to Catawissa, a distance of 88 miles, in five and a half hours.

—Two hundred out of the eight hundred prisoners confined in the Western Penitentiary are out of employment. No work for them to do. Some encouragement for the poor tramps after all.

—A skiff, containing a party of boys, was drawn over a dam on Symmes creek, near Huntingdon, W. Va., Thursday evening, drowning Washington Russell, Spencer Mitchell, Walter Good and Jesse Ingham.

—At Newburyport, Mass., on Sunday, James Hennessy, aged twelve, intending to frighten some little girls, took up a loaded gun, when it went off, instantly killing Rosa Tarrell, aged six, and wounding two others.

—Old man Lord would almost be justified in imitating the example of a farmer down at Portland, Indiana, who got so mad at his relatives that he shot all his own mules and hogs, and burned his house and money.

—The commissioners of Luzerne county have offered $500 reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Philip Callender, of Ross township, who was killed at Rembocks Creek on the evening of January 16th.

—In Richmond township, Berks county, a riot occurred between some citizens and a lot of tramps concerning a woman whom the latter tried to abduct. A number of the participants were severely beaten. Seven of the tramps were arrested.

—Mr. Webber, of Rochester, N. Y., a supposed victim of the Ashtabula disaster, has turned up in the Wisconsin Soldiers' Home, and spoiled his wife's suit for $5,000 against the Lake Shore Railroad Company, which had offered to compromise for $4,000 cash.

—Ex-Mayor M'Carthy of Pittsburgh, who was mayor during the riots, was on Saturday arrested on the complaint of one Dearmitt, charging him with false imprisonment July 28th, last. Mr. M'Carthy furnished bonds for his appearance in court.

—Jacob and John Huntzinger, late President and Cashier of the Miners' Trust Co., Pottsville, were on Tuesday last sentenced to two years' solitary confinement, to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, and to refund to Thos. Kerns, prosecutor, $24,000 and costs.

—Abraham Voorhees, President of the defunct State Bank of New Brunswick, N. J., was married last week to Miss Mattie Van Nostrand. The groom is 70 and the bride 23. Mr. Voorhees is reported to be worth $150,000, while the lady belongs to a poor working family.

—A son of Sam Sloan, the railroad king, was married in Syracuse, N. Y., last week to a German barmaid, against the protest of his father, who, as a punishment, has dismissed him from the management of one of the branches of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

—County Commissioner Patrick Collins, of Schuylkill county, arrested in Harrisburgh on charges of forgery and embezzlement, was released on his arrival at Pottsville, the mercantile appraiser, Hugh M'Govern, whose appointment Mr. Collins secured, having confessed judgment in his behalf to the amount of $1,200.

—They have got him again—Charley Ross. He was consigned at Demerara to W. H. Perot, of Baltimore, and was landed like any other piece of freight at that city on Sunday evening. Of course he has all the strawberry marks, etc., and remembers when he was stolen from home; and of course he isn't Charley Ross after all.

—John Ables was to have been hanged on Friday last at Carthage, Mo., for murder, but at a late hour he was respited one month by Governor Phelps, at the request of prominent citizens of Carthage, it being alleged that new evidence of the prisoner's innocence had come to light. Ables' conviction was on circumstantial evidence alone.

—Mrs. Elizabeth F. Denny, aged eighty three years, died in Pittsburgh a few days ago. Her father was James O'Hara, the trusted friend of General Washington, from whom he received the commission of quarter master general. Her mother was Mary Carpenter, a native of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where she was married to General O'Hara.

—A glass ball shooting match took place on Saturday in New York between A. H. Bogardus, champion, and Dr. Talbot, of England, the conditions being that Bogardus give Talbot 50 broken balls in 100; Talbot to shoot at 50 and Bogardus at 100, for $100 a side. Bogardus broke 98 out of the 100, and Talbot 48 out of 50, making the match a tie.

—Mr. Manton Marble has made an emphatic denial of the assertion of M'Lin, of the Florida returning board, that he offered M'Lin a bribe if the latter would count in the Tilden electors. Now let M'Lin tell the public the nature of the consideration which he received from Chandler and his associates for counting in the Hayes electors.

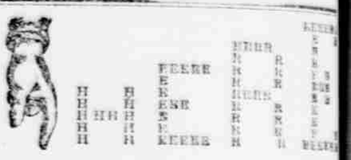
—Philip Callender, of Ross township, Luzerne county, gained a lawsuit at Plymouth against a man named Connells, on Wednesday of last week. On his way home in the evening, Callender was shot by an unseen assassin, and died of his wounds before daylight Thursday. His son, who was with him, narrowly escaped, a bullet passing through his hat.

—The Louisville *Courier Journal* tells of a negro who is the envy of all the negroes around. He was once very black all over, but a white spot appeared on his body some years ago that has increased in size until he has gradually turned from Ethiopian to Caucasian color. His face and hands have undergone the change, and there is prospect that he will be a white man yet.

—The *Scientific American* mentions a new method of forming ceiling and other plaster work, introduced in England. The plan is to prepare the plaster beforehand in slabs, which are quickly fixed to joists, forming the ceiling at once, as it would be when lathed and plastered. The joints are made good with plaster of Paris, and a finishing layer of lime and plaster is then applied in the ordinary way.

—John Kane and Michael Bergen have been arrested at Pottsville for the murder of Patrick Burns at Tuscarora, Schuylkill county, April 15, 1870. Kane, who was inside boss, killed Burns' brother in 1867, and was convicted of murder in the second degree, but was pardoned by Gov. Geary. Subsequently Patrick Burns, clerk for some coal operators, reported misdemeanors on the part of Kane, and soon afterward he was killed.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by asking ONLY Real Good Clothing this year 'Full and running over' with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may = DEPEND ON Please Call W&B Oak Hall.



GREAT "BARGAINS" AT THE People's CHEAP Store, CARROLLTOWN, PA.

So called by numbers of persons who have returned from Johnstown, Altoona, Ebensburg, and elsewhere, with the dear-bought knowledge that those who were not among the first to open in Carrolltown, but who were the VERY FIRST in Northern Cambria to sell Goods at such WONDERFUL LOW PRICES, can do

BETTER FOR BUYERS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE BUSINESS.

ALL PERSONS ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AND JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES.

CARROLLTOWN, JAN. 18, 1878. S. TEITELBAUM & BRO.

—There has been received at the Redemption Agency in Washington, from a New York city bank, a $20 note, two-thirds of which was counterfeit and the remainder genuine. The note was pasted very nicely, and as the right end of the bill was genuine, the teller in counting this package would have passed the note if he had counted it from the end. The only safe way to examine bank notes is to count them so that the whole note can be seen.

—There is another aged bridegroom—Nathan Goff, of Clarksburg—whose marriage has caused nearly as great sensation in West Virginia as the Lord-Hicks affair in New York. He is eighty-five, five years older than Thomas Lord, and the bride, nee Miss Horner, is a fine, stylish, handsome woman of forty. Mr. Goff is a millionaire, but no one dreams of calling him insane, nor have the newly-wedded pair found it necessary to go into hiding.

—A party of young people who serenaded a young married couple living twenty miles north of Iowa City, got an order for a keg of beer on Kemper, a neighboring saloon keeper. They consumed the beer and demanded more, which the saloon keeper refused, whereupon they attacked him with stones, beat his wife and children and literally tore his house to pieces. Kemper was fatally injured. Two step sons of the bride were of the party. Warrants are out for all the parties and one has been captured.

—A young married couple named Bragdon, living on Youle street, in Melrose, Mass., were found Friday evening by friends, who called upon them in their sitting room—Mrs. Bragdon lying dead on a sofa, and her husband unconscious on the floor, but living. Medical assistance was called for the man, and next morning he seemed in a fair way to recover. The affair is regarded by some persons as mysterious, though others attribute the death of Mrs. Bragdon and the prostration of her husband to the effects of coal-gas escaping through a register. A thorough investigation was to be made of the case.

—All soldiers who re-enlisted for three years between January 1st, 1863, and April 1st, 1864, having previously served nine months, are entitled to $400 bounty, or so much thereof as remains unpaid. In nearly every case where bounty is due, the soldier being dead, the nearest surviving heirs are entitled. All soldiers who were discharged for wounds, rupture, or any bodily injury (not disease), are entitled to the full amount of bounty they would have received had they served out their entire term. Many pensioners are now entitled to an increase, the pensions having been increased since they were placed on the roll, and an increase can be obtained if properly prosecuted.

—The Raleigh *Observer* says that about twelve months ago a man named Seagrist, hailing from Union county, arrived in the town of Hickory, Catawba county, N. C., with a woman and a small girl about four year old. In a few days thereafter he was married to the woman by the Rev. Mr. Hartzell, a Methodist minister of the town, and immediately disappeared. On Saturday last a party of men were out hunting in the woods near the town, when the dogs were observed scratching the ground. The bodies of a woman and child were found. The bodies were those of the woman Seagrist married and the little girl. Seagrist is in Union county, and officers have gone in pursuit of him.

—An old man in Virginia City suspects that all he silver in the Comstock mines is his, and every day he busies himself among the neighboring d., believing that he superintending all the operations. He is long white hair and whiskers, is exceedingly dignified in his manner, and expects every body to treat him with deference. He is especially particular about the payment of bullion, for he fears that he will be cheated out of some of the product of the mines. Generally he is humored in his whims, and recently Flood, O'Brien and Mackey obeyed his peremptory summons for a conference. He told them that he was dissatisfied with their management of the details of his business, and that he would certainly discharge them if they did not do better.

—Sixteen years ago, in September, 1861, the wife of Mr. D. G. Fiskes, of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle*, who was then in the army, sent him from McKeesport, where she was then living, by a gentleman who was going to Washington, and who said he would see Mr. Fiskes, a picture of himself and little daughter, then less than two years old. The letter never reached its destination until Friday, when Mr. W. H. Harrison, of McKeesport, walked into the *Chronicle* office and laid the letter before Mr. Fiskes. Mr. Harrison's little boy had found the letter while rummaging among some of his father's old papers, but how it got there Mr. Harrison is unable to explain. Mr. Fiskes' daughter is now a young lady of nineteen, and looks little like the picture taken so many years ago.

—Elijah Allen, of Shenandoah, Pa., whose suffering from hydrophobia has already been noticed, died Sunday morning about 9 o'clock. The unfortunate man enjoyed a few hours' rest on Saturday, but that evening he was attacked with a spasm, and for six hours beat the air with his hands, and at times his eyes rolled about in his head. Great quantities of froth dropped from his mouth, and the phlegm collected in his throat, and endeavoring to breathe a strange sound could be heard, resembling the barking of a dog. At 3 o'clock Sunday morning the spasm left him and he became quiet. He never moved a muscle and his breathing was and went noiselessly, and before any one was aware of the fact he was dead. The case created great excitement in the neighborhood.

—The Georgetown (Col.) *Miner* says that at the Catholic church, on a Sunday morning before services, an unassuming little spider can be seen curled up in the gas fixture bower—probably wrapped up in his evening prayer. Let the lady organist then touch the keys and with eager feet let her creep a couple of feet down the wall, and there his artistic soul will revel in the musical sounds produced by choir and instruments. When the service is over, with the dying echoes lingering in his prodded soul, he retires, it is hoped, with a sweet heart. The fact that the lady organist has a faithful and cherished auditor of this kind three consecutive years, who would crawl on the piano, shows that this is no isolated case. And whatever may be the opinion of the unfeeling world, to the choir of the church he is endeared by months of association and musical appreciation.

—With Victor Emmanuel perished the biggest mustache in all Christendom.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 25, 1878.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Cambria borough is sadly afflicted with the measles.

—Don't forget the concert at the Court House this (Friday) evening.

—The weather has been as cold as charity for the last two or three days.

—As we write Wednesday morning Old Boreas is giving us what Beecher denies the existence of.

—The Western Union Telegraph Company, now without a competitor, has increased its rates 20 per cent.

—Mrs. Gen. Phil. Sheridan and two children passed east over the Pa. R. R. on Tuesday morning last.

—Mr. Alex. Paul, of Meyersdale, Somerset county, has just been struck by a $100,000 fortune in Scotland.

—If you would bring us a load of kindling wood on account we would be glad to have it as soon as possible.

—Midnight funerals have become a sad necessity in Huntingdon owing to the prevalence of the small-pox.

—Out of the depths of an empty pocketbook we call upon all persons indebted to us to pay up without delay.

—Many consumptives are now using Dr. FRAZIER'S Root Bitters and Cough Syrup with remarkable success. [12-21-1y.]

—A delightful entertainment may be looked for at the Court House this evening. See programme in another column.

—The concert to be given and the cause to be served should draw a large crowd to the Court House this (Friday) evening.

—Thompson with a "p" still holds the fort, and as a consequence James without the Jim occupies his old position on the ragged edge.

—The Greenback-Labor party in Hollidaysburg, as elsewhere, being yet in its infancy, has nominated a Suckling for burgess of that borough.

—This is to give notice that all citizens troubled with Cough or Cold should at once procure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

—Three or four inches of snow fell on Tuesday night last, but Old Boreas piled it up in such huge drifts that it is of little account for either ornament or use.

—The Spring election will take place in little more than three weeks from date, and yet no man has had the temerity ask if we wouldn't like to be a candidate for burgess.

—Small-pox is said to be ravaging Mechanicsburg and various other villages in Indiana county. In the former place one entire family is counted among the sufferers.

—When the Republicans of Altoona *Hurd* who had been nominated for Mayor by the Democrats of that city they no doubt felt that they hadn't a *Dern* man who could beat him.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mrs. Leah Flenner, in another column, offering a small but valuable farm in Adams township at private sale on the most liberal terms.

—John Carroll, of Cresson, who is now in the Hollidaysburg jail under sentence for participation in the July riots, will apply to the Board of Pardons, at February sessions, for release.

—Jacob Koehler jumped from a moving freight train in the lower yard at Altoona, on Tuesday last, but missing his footing, fell and broke his right leg between the knee and ankle.

—We congratulate the people of Altoona on the selection of Mr. John C. Sullivan as the Democratic candidate for City Treasurer. No more honest or capable man could have been chosen.

—The Huntingdon *Local News* says that Mr. M. L. Rex, of Mapleton, has been vaccinated thirty-seven times within the past six years, thirty-six of which failed to bring the right answer.

—At East Conemaugh, this county, the prevailing ailment is measles, and as an instance of its virulence it is said that a married lady and her six children are all down with the disease.

—Col. Jas. F. Milliken, late District Attorney of Blair county, has been heard from in Egypt, where he claims to have good prospects for a position under the Khedive, or some other dive.

—A pocket-book containing a small sum of money was found on the street on Monday last, which the owner can have by calling on Constable John Wherley and establishing his claim to the property.

—Portions of the brains of Mr. Joshua C. Berkey, who was killed by the cars at Johnstown on Saturday night last, are said to have been carried all the way to Pittsburgh on the wheels of the Fast Line.

—If the Democrats of Altoona do their duty on the third Tuesday of next month the news will be *Hurd* all over the land that they have elected their candidate for Mayor by a largely increased majority.

—The directors of the Blair County Agricultural Society are already in the field with the announcement that they will hold a fair in Hollidaysburg next fall. A *fair* notice in good time to all concerned.

—If you select good and healthy food for your family, you should also look to the welfare of your baby. For all troubles of early childhood, nothing is better than Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

—S. Teitelbaum & Bro., of Carrolltown, started out to make a good name for themselves by selling the best of goods at the lowest prices, and well have they earned and sustained their reputations in that respect.

—A heartless and cowardly wretch named Jackson, who has dishonored Latrobe by his presence, fractured his wife's collar bone one evening last week by striking her with a heavy poker, and then left for parts unknown.

—Samuel Haun, of Myersdale, Somerset county, who was seriously injured by a fall of coal in a mine near that place a few days ago, fell dead on Monday last while in the act of walking across the floor of his bed chamber.

—A young man named Frank Gardner, son of Mr. Andrew Gardner, of Clearfield county, as we learn from the Osceola *Reveille*, had one of his hands cut off on Tuesday of last week while working at a straw-cutting machine.

—The Johnstown *Tribune*, always truthful, says that Mr. James F. Campbell, jr., son of the editor of the Edenburg *Oil Times*, has secured a position with the Messrs. Collins, and will leave for Brazil in course of a few weeks.

—We still send our paper to a few persons who owe us for two or more years' subscription, but if they don't soon pay up, or give a satisfactory reason for not doing so, they, like all those who have gone before, will soon be cast into outer darkness.

—The merciful man is merciful to his beast. Horses and cattle are sources of profit, therefore should be well cared for. By the timely use of Foutz's Celebrated Horse and Cattle Powders, the lives of many valuable animals will be saved.

—Hope is said to spring eternal in the human breast, but the editor of the Hollidaysburg *Register* seems to be *Over* hopeful when he expresses the hope that his delinquent patrons will call and settle up during court. Men who owe the printer ain't of the coming in kind to any great extent.

—Two horses owned by our friend and patron, Mr. John Bierer, of Carrolltown, this county, were stolen from the stable of Mr. Joseph Luther, in Mudtown, near Altoona, on Wednesday night of last week, but were recovered next morning in the vicinity of the White Hall hotel, to that city.

—Mr. W. H. Schwartz, local editor of the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, has reconsidered his contemplated acceptance of a the local editorship of the Altoona *Daily Tribune*, the first number of which is to appear on Monday next, "Boss" Traugh having made it worth his while to remain where he is.

—George Wells, colored, and Abner Lamp and Mrs. Samuel Heck, both white, have died of small-pox in Huntingdon, the two former on Friday and the latter on Saturday last, and the end is probably not yet, as the Board of Health reported twenty-one cases on Sunday, some of which, however, have assumed no worse form than varioloid.

—The County Commissioners last week appointed John A. Kennedy, Esq., as clerk, and Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., as counsel for the current year. No appointment for Mercantile Appraiser was then made, but as we go to press this (Thursday) afternoon, the Board have the matter under consideration.

—He of the Bellefonte *Watchman* wants to know if there is a hell, and the Hollidaysburg *Register* man thinks he will find out some of these times if he don't stop writing such awful smutty things about Ben. Butler. Old Satan will swoop down in his mighty majesty and set him up in the sulphur business.

—While Mrs. Barbara Plimple, of Newry, Blair county, was trying to adjust one of the feet under her cooking stove, the other day, the old thing flopped over and caused a quantity of scalding water from a boiler on the stove to drench her face, neck and shoulders, inflicting very painful though not serious injuries.

—The following named gentlemen were installed as officers of Summit Lodge, No. 312, A. Y. M., of this place, on Tuesday evening last, by A. M. Lloyd, Esq., D. D. G. M., of Hollidaysburg: A. V. Barker, W. M.; Daniel W. Luke, S. W.; Alvin Evans, J. W.; V. B. Barker, Treasurer, and George A. Kinkead, Secretary.

—Few people there are who haven't found out that money can well be employed in buying the cheapest of goods and the very best kind from those clever cash dealers, Messrs. Myers & Lloyd, who have a stock that's replete in every detail, dry goods and clothing, groceries and all, that nowhere else can be bought by retail at prices so low or at profits so small.

—There is a family in Center county who, if they are as brave as they're brawny, would be dangerous folks to get into a *muss* or any difficulty of that nature with. Their name is Musser (d'ye see the pun?), and, according to the *Watchman's* figures, their respective weights range as follows: Noah 251, Maria 223, Rosetta 236, and John 233, while Viola, daughter of Noah, 20 years of age, tilts the beam at 240.

—An exchange tells the whole story in a few words when it says that twenty years of the most friendly mention of an individual by an editor will not atone for one line that does not suit him, and "stop my paper" is the fiat. But as they don't stop reading the paper, but only stop paying for it, we can't see where their revenge is. An editor don't of course care for the money, but likes to have people read his paper.

—The Williamsburg correspondent of the Hollidaysburg *Standard* has this to say of one of our most respected and most deserving young townsmen: Mr. Peter Schwab, of Ebensburg, is now visiting his friends in this place. Peter is something on "good looks," and we cannot understand why his lady friends allow him to remain single so long. He is not only good looking, but he is a gentleman in every respect.

—Mr. Fred. Ehrenfeldt, surpervisor of the Pa. R. R. Division No. 8, which extends from Altoona to East Conemaugh, has once more been awarded the annual premium of $160 for the smoothest and most substantial track along the main line. This is the fifth prize of the kind Mr. E. has won, four having been awarded him in his present position and one while previously employed in a like capacity on the Southwest Branch.

—Some of our local marksmen got away with several brag shots from Blair county and elsewhere, notable among whom was Mr. Alex. McKnight, of Hollidaysburg, in various shooting contests indulged in in this place on Saturday last. The principal prize was a fat hog, which was won by our young townsman, Lon. Rodgers, who at 80 yards' rest made a string of 1⅝ inches, while that of his closest competitor measured fully four inches.

—If the Altoona *Mirror* meant to say, as it did say in its issue of Friday last, that on Tuesday evening previous John M'Govern, residing near Wilmore, this county, shot one hundred and sixty-four crows with a shotgun on one tree, and did not mean to say that John M'Govern shot one crow with a shot-gun on one hundred and sixty-four trees, then the *Mirror* has an indisputable right to "crow" over the biggest lie of the season.

—The beautiful painting of the "Blessed Virgin and Child," which was offered for chances on behalf of the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, was won on last Monday afternoon, at which time the drawing took place, by Mr. Harry C. Scanlan, son of Henry Scanlan, Esq., of Carrolltown, who may well felicitate himself on having secured a prize which he has a right to be proud of. The amount realized from the painting was about $175.

—Don't get into a pet, nor even a sweat, and much less your poor gizzard fret, because of this world's goods you haven't your share; but be content with your lot and take pride in the thought that all clothing that's bought from James J. Murphy is the best and cheapest that mortal can wear. Store on Clinton street, No. 109, Johnstown, where unsurpassable bargains in overcoats and other heavy clothing can now be had by all who need anything in that line.

—When seeking for bargains you'll invariably find that by doing what others have done, you'll meet with fair treatment, both honest and kind by calling on Barker & Son, who keep what is kept by other stores in the land, and in much larger proportions—no lie—and sell at lower prices than others demand—a fact that few folks will deny; and whether you visit their big store in town, or go further north your wants to supply, you'll find all their goods in prices marked down to the very lowest figures that you can anywhere spy.

—Boss Traugh, of the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, who made us what we are, typographically speaking, and his *write*-hand man, the genial and gentlemanly Schwartz, have placed us under renewed obligations for the following kindly notice of the FREEMAN, which is only one of the many it has received from that source at various times: The Cambria *Freeman* completed the eleventh year of its existence last week. Precious few country papers are better conducted or more worthy of a liberal patronage than that same *Freeman*.

—"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," but when it comes to buying clothes he wants them good and strong; and that's the very reason why, as we may oft have said before, that men who made-up clothing buy are apt to seek the great big store where Godfrey Wolf can at all times be found ready and willing to clothe his fellow citizens in the best of wearing Apparel at the very lowest cash prices. Overcoats and other winter clothing at less than first cost. Store on Twelfth street, next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa.

—Major Geo. Dern, foreman of the newspaper composing room of the Altoona *Tribune*, and "big brother" of the senior editor of that paper, is, we are sorry to learn, confined to his room with an acute attack of rheumatism, from which, we trust, he will be (a)cute enough to escape before many days. There are some men whom we regret to see suffer in this world, and don't expect to see suffer in the next, as our calculation is not to be where suffering prevails in the great hereafter, and George is one of them. That he may soon be himself again is our earnest wish.

—The Democrats of Altoona nominated their city ticket on Monday evening last, and here are the names: For Mayor, Thomas Hurd; for Treasurer, John C. Sullivan; for School Directors, W. S. Douglass and Harry J. Cornman, and for Auditor, Wm. C. Galbraith, the present City Treasurer. Aldermen for the several districts of the city were also nominated at the same time, as follows: First District, Alex. McCormick; Second District, Jas. Bradley; Third District, John O'Toole. Messrs. J. W. Dougherty and Timothy Donahue were chosen as the nominees for Constable on the East and West sides respectively.

—A correspondent signing himself "Penman" and writing from Portage gives an account of the death of Mr. Philip Flenner, a venerable and peaceable citizen of Washington township, who died on the 12th inst., after having attained the wonderful age of *one hundred years*, or upward. The deceased served with great credit to himself in the war of 1812, but to be entitled to the distinction of a Revolutionary soldier, which the Johnstown *Tribune* gives him in a notice of his death, he would have had to take up arms in defense of his country soon after emerging from his swaddling clothes, as the Revolutionary war was brought to a successful termination in the year 1783.

—An account of stock taken during the holidays showed that Messrs. Teitelbaum & Bro., of Carrolltown, as they inform us, had about $5,000 worth of winter goods then in store, which they resolved to close out at first cost, and which they now claim to be selling, and will continue to sell until the 15th of April, at 5 per cent. below cost for the ready cash, in order to make room for an immense stock of spring and summer goods, which will also be sold at the lowest possible figures.

—Samuel Dean, Esq., an uncle of Judge Dean and an ex-Associate Judge of Blair county, died at his home near Williamsburg on Monday evening last, aged about 80 years. The deceased was a descendant of one of the survivors of a raid made by Indians on the early settlers of Canoe valley nearly a hundred years ago, at which time several persons of the same name were among the number murdered in cold blood by the cruel savages. It is related of Mr. Dean, who was a most excellent and justly esteemed citizen, that for sixty-two years of his useful and eventful life he made a full hand in the harvest field, during and preceding which time he enjoyed the most vigorous health. Peace to his honored ashes.

—Two of the most prominent and prosperous citizens of Hollidaysburg, Messrs. A. M. Lloyd and H. L. Bunker, who were called hither on business connected with the Masonic fraternity, did us the honor of a visit on last Tuesday afternoon. The former gentleman, who, by the way, never fails to give us a call when he comes to Ebensburg, was recently reappointed Deputy Grand Master of the A. O. Y. M. for this district—a position which he has filled, we need not say acceptably, with only one brief intermission, if we mistake not, for upward of twenty years. Both gentlemen stand high in the community in which they reside and among all who know them, and it is such as they whom we take pleasure in welcoming to our sanctum.

—Mr. James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., the world-renowned seedman, will please accept thanks for a copy of his beautiful "Floral Guide" for 1878, which contains among various other things many tasteful representations of new varieties of bulbs, plants, flowers, etc., all of which can be obtained at the most moderate prices by addressing Mr. Vick, as above. We are also under obligations to the same gentleman for a copy of the first issue of "Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine," a new literary venture which certainly deserves and no doubt will succeed, as the subscription price is only $1.25 per year, and, to quote the language of the Huntingdon *Local News*, the character of the magazine is so excellent, both in quality and quantity, that it only needs to be seen to win subscribers.

—The sharpest piece of practice we have heard of for many a day occurred in this place not a great while ago. A certain gentleman who shall be nameless owed a few dollars to one of his neighbors for services rendered, and when the bill was presented he declined to pay on the plea of being short in his cash account, but did not hesitate to give his note for ninety days, which was accepted as better than nothing by the party of the second part. With the note in hand the creditor repaired to the bank, whither he was followed by the gentleman from whom he had received it, and who, after the cashier of the bank had declined to discount it, promptly stepped to the front and very coolly proposed and actually did redeem his own paper at the same rate of discount the bank would have charged had it been willing to take the risk.

—Mr. Joshua C. Berkey, of Kernville (Johnstown), by mistake got on the Fast Line instead of the Mail Train at East Conemaugh, on Saturday night last, for the purpose of returning home, but when the train reached Johnstown, where it does not stop, he discovered his mistake and took what proved a fatal leap for him, as he fell with his head under the wheels, and, as the Johnstown *Tribune* avers, his skull, from just above his eyes to the back of his cranium, was cut off as neatly as a surgeon could perform the job, while his right arm was fractured at the shoulder, instant death of course being the result. The deceased was a carpenter by trade, about 25 years of age, and, being unmarried, lived with his mother. He was a very exemplary young man, a member of the United Brethren Church, and was said to be engaged to a worthy young lady in Conemaugh township.

—We were aware that Thos. C. McDowell, Esq., a former well known citizen of this place, and who subsequently resided in Harrisburg for many years, had left that city, but was not aware until a few days since that he is now conducting a newspaper in Honolulu, the seat of government of the Sandwich Islands. Americans have always been popular with the people of those islands, a Pennsylvanian having a few years ago held the high office of Prime Minister, and if still living no doubt holds it yet. Sugar is the principal production of the Islands, and many former citizens of the United States have emigrated to that country and are now extensively engaged in its cultivation with immense profit. Mr. McDowell always had a great hankering after office, and if he does not eventually attain a high civil position in that country, will probably become the owner of a sugar plantation, out of which he will likely amass a fortune.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—Wilson Patterson, jr., a colored youth of Johnstown, for whom Chief-of-Police Harris, of that place, had for some time been patiently lying in wait, was arrested in Pittsburgh, on last Monday evening, immediately after his discharge from the workhouse, where he served a thirty days' sentence for vagrancy, and was brought to Johnstown and on Tuesday morning taken before Esq. Strayer on a charge of being concerned in the robbing, on the night of Nov. 20th, of a Pa. R. R. freight car at the depot in that place, but waived a hearing, and was sent up to jail here the following evening to await trial. Young Patterson is also said to be implicated in a burglary committed some time last summer at a woolen mill belonging to the estate of Hon. John Covode, dec'd, in Westmoreland county, a strong point against him being that he sold a quantity of wool to Mr. Wm. Updegrave, of Johnstown, a few days after the robbery, for which he received $35 in cash. A warrant has been issued in the case, and if not convicted of the car robbery, the Johnstown *Tribune* of Tuesday, from which we quote, says he will be brought to trial on the former charge. Of his associates in crime the same paper has this to say:

Joe. Larimer, who is believed to have assisted in burglarizing the local freight car, was tried in the Quarter Sessions, Pittsburgh, yesterday, for complicity in robbing a store near Mansfield, Allegheny county, on Wednesday last, and was to receive his sentence to-day. There were two others found guilty at the same time—one of them known as John Donan or Durnan, of Bolivar, who is accused of assisting Larimer and Patterson to rob the woolen factory at Cowoslesville. All the parties mentioned as concerned in these thieving operations are young colored men, and all have recently been traveling under assumed names.

MARS' MOONS.—When the telegraph announced the discovery by Prof. Hall that our neighboring planet had two satellites, and the dispatch was read next morning at ten thousand American breakfast tables, what think you was the effect upon the hearers? Some colloquy similar to the following was sure to occur: "Mars has two moons, hey? Pass me the milk, Kitty. Strange, isn't it, that astronomers never saw them before. Another chop, please. I wonder what they'll discover next? These corn cakes are excellent. What's the latest from Europe? We have become so accustomed to startling discoveries and announcements, that we take them as a matter of course. Even truth must appear in flaming colors to make herself seen. The virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have been tested in ten thousand households, whose inmates will tell you that they consider the discovery and introduction of these remedies of far greater importance to the world than the moons of Mars.

SHIPMAN, Ill., June 13, 1876.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Last fall our daughter—aged 18—was fast sinking with consumption. Different physicians had pronounced her case incurable. I obtained one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery. She commenced improving at once, and is now as hardy as a pine knot. Yours respectfully,

REV. JULIUS F. JOHNSTON.

Letter from Dakota Territory.

DEADWOOD, LAWRENCE CO., DAKOTA, BLACK HILLS, Jan. 13, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—Since I left Altoona I have seen the elephant in all its magnitude, and propose at some future time to give you an idea of what he looks like in this wonderful region. For the present, however, I must content myself with a brief history of the Black Hills.

Gold was first discovered in French Creek, near where Custer City now stands, by Prof. Jenney, in the summer of 1875. Although only found in small quantities, the news soon spread abroad and in due time the restless prospector made his appearance among the Hills, which were then supposed to be an Indian reservation and U. S. soldiers gobbled up all the adventurers who came. Not to be foiled, however, the gold seekers returned by thousands in 1876, and where once were heard the sullen growl of the grizzly bear, the piercing cry of the mountain lion, and the frightful war whoop of the murderous Sioux, is now to be heard the stroke of the pick, hammer, drill and axe and the shrill echo of the steam whistle. Like magic a new commonwealth has been added to the nation, that mighty motor, *gold*, having prompted thousands to leave their homes in the distant east and seek their fortunes in the new northwest. Many, very many of these have of course been disappointed. They came here expecting to pick up gold without any other effort than the mere stooping, while the truth is that to secure the precious metal a man must perform the most wearisome labor and oftimes sleep out in rain and snow, with no other covering than the blue vault of heaven. It is not the many return home cursing the Black Hills which it is needless to say do not yield up their treasures to any but those who are able and willing to face hardship and toil in their most uninviting aspects. In a word, we have here the best country in the world for men of pluck and sinew, but it is certainly no place for idlers.

The somewhat extensive experience I had in Arizona and California fitted me for life in the Hills, and although, I have not yet made as much as I would like to have, I am interested in several good locations, principally the "Golden Age," "Potosi," "Silver Queen," "Merrimac," "Old Abe," and a few others of lesser note, all of which assay well.

I have just returned from what we call a "stampede" from Big Horn and Tongue River. Prospects there are by no means encouraging, although, for stock raising, I think the above named places will at no distant day be the great feeders of the United States.

PETROLEUM IN THE HILLS.

I returned last night from the Dakota oil regions, sixty miles southeast of this place. The oil is of the same nature as that found in Pennsylvania. There is a great stampede there just now, of which I will write you more fully in a few days.

Please excuse my brief letter. You will receive a long one from me soon, in which I will endeavor to give a graphic picture of the Hills, their wealth and resources.

Regards to all old friends, and believe me, dear FREEMAN,

Yours, truly, JESSE F. HERBERT.

THE CONCERT AT THE COURT HOUSE TO-NIGHT.—What may be expected in the way of real genuine enjoyment at the entertainment to be given by St. John's Choral Club, of Altoona, for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Name, at the Court House, this (Friday) evening, can be readily inferred from the following excellent programme selected for the occasion, and which we have no hesitation in saying will be presented in the most pleasing style and to the satisfaction of all who attend. Let no one miss this rare musical treat who can make it suit to be there. Following is the programme, which is of the highest order and sufficiently varied to suit all tastes:

PART I.

Entrance March.....Misses Haas and Maher.
"Ye Amoris Victima".....Chorus.
"Let Music and Song" (Duo).....
.....Misses Haas and Gority.
Only one Lock of her Hair (Solo)
.....Mr. McCullough.
La Carita.....Misses Haas and E. & J. Gority.
Spelling Bee (Humorous).....Chorus.
Quite an Fair.....Mr. F. Stahl.
Triumphal March (Inst. Solo).....Miss Haas.
Gold.....Mr. J. Kelly.
Hear Me, Norma (Duet)
.....Misses Haas and Gority.
Memory's Refrain.....Quartette.
McCullough, Stahl, Lyman, and Kelly.
Instrumental Solo.....Miss Rooney.

PART II.

Jubammatus.....Chorus.
All's Well (Duet)
.....Messrs. McCullough and Lyman.
PROFESSOR AT HOME.
Pupils.....Mr. Maher.
Tax Collector.....Mr. McCullough.
Prima Donna.....Miss J. Gority.
Domestic.....Miss E. Gority.
Midnight Horrors (Recitation).....Mr. J. Kelly.
Concetient Peddler.....Humorous.
Misses Haas and E. & J. Gority.
PARLOR SCENE.
M'lle Lucca.....Miss Haas.
and Guesis.
Prof. Von Clarionette.....Mr. McCullough.
Mr. Campanus.....Mr. Maher.
Mr. Hebrides.....Mr. Stahl.
Don Antonis.....Mr. Lyman.
[Professor is invited to sing, during which "Sneezing Catch," "Wailing" and "Laughback" are introduced.]
A la Maria (Sacred Solo).....Miss Rooney.
Little German Band (Comic).....Mr. Stahl.
Millionaire (in character).....Company.
Good Night.....Chorus.

Doors will be open at 7 o'clock—entertainment to commence at 8. Tickets of admission, 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents. Constable Wherley has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Young America brigade, and any boy who indulges in whistling, cat-calls, or other unlandish noises, will be bounced out of the Court House on a double quick.

A SKILLFUL PHYSICIAN.—Dr. George H. Keyser, of this city, is so well known to the community in which he has been in successful practice for such a long series of years, that it is scarcely necessary to mention the location of his office. For the benefit of the few who may not be familiar with it, however, it may be stated that it is at No. 240 Penn avenue. The doctor, in his special lines of practice, may be said to be almost without a peer in this country. A lengthy experience and years of study have made him most thoroughly familiar with pulmonary complaints, and likewise with all that class of diseases that are to be cured by trusses and appliances of that character. Dr. Keyser is one of the best educated men in this locality—particularly so in his profession and in the particular branches of it to which we have referred. His thorough knowledge of diseases of this character and their treatment insure absolute safety, and those who place their reliance on him can rest assured that their faith is firmly grounded.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.* [1-11.-1m.]

ASTONISHING SUCCESS.—It is the duty of every person who has used BOSHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 40,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the GERMAN SYRUP cannot be too widely known. Ask your Druggist about it. Sample Bottles to try sold at 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and Wolfsiagle & Son, Wilmore.

E. K. THOMPSON.—*Dear Sir:* I am 31 years of age, have been troubled the past nine months with the thread or pin worm. Have used Worm Candy, but with little benefit. I used one bottle of your Sweet Worm Powder, taking one teaspoonful before breakfast, dinner and supper, after which I drank pumpkin-seed tea and castor oil, as you directed, and the effect was astonishing. I now feel perfectly well, and heartily recommend the Sweet Worm Powder as a sure remedy. I have lived in Titusville five years. JOHN WELCH,

Bliss street, Titusville.

Prepared by E. K. Thompson, Titusville, Pa., and sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg. Price 25 cents per box.

CORN FRITTERS.—Mix in three pints corn meal, one and a half measures Banner Baking Powder, two tablespoonsful wheat flour, three teaspoonsful salt, one egg, beaten; add one quart sweet milk, or a pint each of milk and water; drop in hot grease and fry. Each can of Banner Baking Powder contains a measure instead of a spoon. Ask your grocer for the Banner Powder and take no other.

—Since the discovery of Dr. William's Indian Ointment there is certainly no excuse for any one to suffer with the Piles. See special notice. [12-21-1y.]

Local Correspondence.

PORTAGE, Jan. 21, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—I take the liberty of sending you a few items of news from this enlightened section of Christendom, hoping that you will be able to make room for them in your valuable columns.

On Monday last, the 12th inst., Mr. Philip Flenner quietly passed from earth, at his residence in this place, *aged about one hundred years*. Mr. Flenner, as I am informed, was a native of Maryland, and removed when young to Adams county, in this State, where he enlisted in the American army in 1812, and served with honor during that memorable struggle with the mother country. For his services in defense of his country at that time he has been receiving a pension for several years from the government, to which he was certainly entitled. He was the father of a large family of children, nearly all of whom are still living, and who, with his aged companion, will cherish while life lasts the memory of their dearest of earthly friends. His remains were consigned to their last resting place in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Wednesday last, whither they were followed by a large concourse of people, who thereby manifested their esteem for the older and one of the most respectable citizens of this section.

The schools in this section are all doing well, the citizens of this place being particularly fortunate in having secured the services of so accomplished and efficient a teacher as Miss Mary Shinkle, who is giving great satisfaction to all concerned.

A large and commodious school house was erected in our township, about a mile south of Lilly's, during the past summer, and is superior to most school houses found in rural districts.

Mr. H. Berg, our worthy County Superintendent, favored us with his presence a few days ago while engaged in the annual duty of visiting schools. Mr. B. is an earnest worker in the cause of education, and when the time arrives next May to select an incumbent for the Superintendency, I think nothing better could be done than to continue Mr. B. in that position.

Mr. Jno. McMahon has betaken himself for a time to Pittsburgh, where he has secured employment for himself and two horses on a railroad that is in course of construction from that point to Youngstown, Ohio.

The coal works in this section are not very brisk. There is not much demand for coal, and as a consequence the coal operators cannot pay very much per ton for mining.

Capt. P. J. Wolfesingle, of Wilmore, has several men employed near Ben's creek in chopping cord wood. He has a large contract to fill and will give employment to a number of persons for a considerable time. The Captain is a genial gentleman and full of business enterprise.

Mr. Philip Hopfer, who is engaged in the lumber business, sustained a loss of something quite a number of logs a few days since by his saw mill while the snow remained with us.

Mr. J. C. Martin is still carrying on the lumber trade quite extensively, notwithstanding the general depression in business. He has a great amount of lumber on hands and timber enough to supply him for years.

An old fashioned spelling match held sway at school house No. 2 not long since, and I am informed that the persons engaged in it did credit to themselves in that very useful branch of education. I believe that Miss Harriet McGough and daughter of Mr. Patrick McNally were the champions of the evening.

Fearing that I have already taxed your patience and intruded on your space, I will close for the present. Yours, &c., PENMAR.

ST. LAWRENCE, Jan. 21, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—The result of the election recently held to determine the question of dividing the township of Chest has already been made known to your numerous readers. The majority for the division was far beyond what its friends had anticipated, and all parties, for and against, appear to be satisfied with the result, except one whom we shall call Daniel, and who was heard to say (jokingly, of course,) that there were only twenty-two men left in Chest township, the one hundred and twelve others who voted, among whom was your humble correspondent, being in his estimation dead fools. Daniel advises Dr. Pill bury and his confederates in the new township of Elder to deposit their ballots in an essence box, as he deems it sufficiently large to contain all the votes that will likely be cast at the Spring election. Now, we do not altogether agree with our friend Daniel, for the new township will surely poll more votes than the old township of Chest, if not a more largely populated vote. Both townships will be strongly Democratic, however.

We learned from a very trustworthy source, on the day of the election, that Hon. James Thomas, the faithful member of the Legislature from this part of Cambria, would not allow his name to be brought forward at the next county convention for re-nomination. Mr. T. has undoubtedly made an excellent representative, and one that "Little Cambria" may be justly proud of, but he retires with considerable credit on himself as well as upon his constituency. We have no doubt Mr. Thomas has come to this conclusion after mature reflection, believing that there are others whose claims demand some recognition at the hands of the Democracy. In taking this step Mr. Thomas makes himself more popular, if possible, with the party he has been identified with from his boyhood days.

Mr. John Lambert, residing a short distance from this place, had his entire stock of winter pork stolen from his residence on the 17th inst. This loss falls heavily on Mr. L., he being a very poor though industrious citizen. It is bad enough to steal from those who are well off in this world's goods, but the wretch who would gobble up all the pork belonging to a family as large and poor as they are represented to be, we know of no punishment that could be too severe.

Mr. Charles Langhrin was also unfortunate enough to lose in like manner a large quantity of pork from his smoke house on the night of the same day. The parties who committed these thefts are known and will in due time be attended to, as age and former standing will not save them from the just rigors of the law, which they certainly merit.

We would kindly advise the city fathers of Carrolltown to forbid its youths of that place from sweating down the steep grade near the brewery of Mr. Julius Stich. We have heard of two visitors from our city—one of whom we have visited that place on business with their teams, and who say they were not safe in going up or down that heavy grade. A day or two ago a team belonging to Mr. Jacob Thomas became frightened, in that way, and running off would in all probability have made a complete wreck of the vehicle, with possible loss of life had it not been that some of the citizens succeeded in heding off the team in good time.

We had almost forgotten to mention the fact that quite a number of prominent Democrats of Chest, Elder and Susquehanna townships will urge the claims of your fellow townsman, John Fenlon, Esq., before the next county convention for Representative from northern Cambria. GLENN.

CARROLLTOWN, Jan. 21, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—A young man residing in Carroll township, while attempting recently to rescue one of his comrades from the hands of the Carrolltown police, was informed that he also would be arrested if he did not desist, whereupon he immediately jumped into his sleigh and drove homeward. Arrived there he unhitched his horse, put it in the stable and hurried to a neighbor's house as quickly as possible, and running up stairs securely ensconced himself in a safe hiding place, the police meantime never giving him a thought. More than this, he told the lady of the house to go out and cover his tracks made in the snow, so that when the police came along seeking for every *link* in the great chain, they could not discover a *bend* or anything else to create the least suspicion as to his whereabouts. In this snug retreat he very quietly remained until some time during the night, when satisfied that his phantom pursuers had disappeared, he sallied forth from his hiding place and departed for home, congratulating himself upon his narrow escape from the terrible calamity which he supposed was in store for him. X.

[COMMUNICATED.]

DIED, DEC. 31, 1877, Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL.

Folded away by her angel's pure hand
The record of life and its story—
So short, as we deem it, in this exile land,
So long for the annals of glory.

We who now mourn her will marvel one day
To hear of the wonderous beauty
Recorded there of the pass'd away.
In the patien' performance of duty.

Her crown is attained, but her mission goes on.
In the influence ne er to perish,
Her memory leaves us so lasting and strong
Of the virtue we saw in her flourish.

Sweetly rest on, dearest friend of my heart,
May oft our behalf your prayers e'er be given,
That we, when t e years that now hold us apart
Shall have vanished, may meet you in Heaven.

B. A. T.

E. F. Kunkel's Lustral & E. F. Kunkel's Shampoo for the Hair.

The best and cheapest Hair Dressing and Hair Cleaner in the world. They remove dandruff, allay irritation, soothe and cool the heated scalp, prevent the hair from falling off, and promote the growth in a very short time. They preserve and beautify the Hair, and render it soft and glossy. They impart a brilliancy and a silky appearance to braid and wiry Hair, and as a hair dressing they are unrivaled; eradicate dandruff and prevent baldness. The shampoo cleans the hair, removes grease, scurf, itching, eruption. Cures headache produced by heat and fatigue. Kunkel's Shampoo and Lustral restores Hair to a natural and glossy color, restores faded, dry, harsh and wiry hair. Price per bottle $1. Ask your druggist for them, or send to E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor No. 360 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. [11 14,'77.-6m.]

—Pleasant as honey, the old folks like it, the young people like it, and the babies cry for it. We mean Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup. [12 21. 1y.]

PRICELESS DISCOVERY.

Sure Cure for Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William—an Indian remedy—called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single bottle has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment supports the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Thousands of cured patients attest its virtues, and physicians of all schools pronounce it the greatest contribution to medicine of the age. It matters not how long or severely you have been suffering, you can be cured.

Mr. Joseph M. Rader, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: I suffered for years with Itching and Ulcerated Piles, tried remedy after remedy advertised, and consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and this city; and spent hundreds of dollars, but found no relief until I obtained a box of Dr. William's Indian Ointment, some four months ago, and it has cured me completely. I had a part of the box left which I gave to a friend afflicted as I was, who had suffered with many physicians, and as a last resort went to the Hot Springs, Arkansas, for treatment. He informs me that the Indian Ointment has also cured him of the Piles. It is certainly a wonderful discovery, and should be used by the many thousands who are now suffering with that dread disease.

$10,000 Reward will be paid for a more certain remedy. Sold by all Druggists. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, sole proprietor, Cleveland, O.

DON'T NEGLECT A COUGH

or Cold, when 25 cts. will buy a bottle of Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup at any drug store. It has wrought a complete change in Cough medicine, is pleasant as honey, and always cures.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup, used in connection with Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters, WILL CURE CONSUMPTION

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY, Cleveland, O., Oct. 30, '76.

DR. FRAZIER.—Dear Sir: I feel it a du

FOSSIL BIRDS.

SINGULAR SPECIMENS OF DEFUNCT LIFE —BIRDS TWELVE FEET HIGH—OTHER PHENOMENA—A DEAD AGE.

Professor Hitchcock, of geological fame, is now engaged in securing some of the celebrated fossil bird tracks of the Connecticut valley from a spot which has never been worked for that purpose, namely, the shore of Wethersfield Cove, about three miles below Hartford. The spot selected is at the south-eastern part of the cove, in the shaly and crumbly freestone formation that underlies the soil, at the depth of from six inches to several feet, according to the distance from the water. It is the same kind of stone that is obtained from the Portland quarries, twelve miles down the river, and famous as the Portland and Connecticut freestone, out of which many fashionable "brown stone fronts" are made; only, this formation on the eastern bank of Wethersfield Cove, being so near the surface and indeed often actually exposed above the soil, is far from friable. We condense from the Hartford Times these details of Professor Hitchcock's discoveries:

Wethersfield Cove, as many readers in other States may not know, is a large and beautiful sheet of water formed by the Connecticut river, with which it is connected by a narrow inlet, and from which it is distant from ten to forty rods. The stones at which the famous geologist is at work are embedded in the bank of the cove between that water and the river. The bank rises gently to the southeast, perhaps fifteen feet above the present stage of water in the cove. The excavations thus far made are only about two rods from the water, which indeed at the beginning of the work was at the actual point of commencement, but has receded since.

Here he has unearthed a great many tracks that were broken in the attempt to remove the crumbly stone, and opened to view one stratum of soft red freestone which discloses a line of four fossil bird tracks of giant size, and made, evidently, by one and the same individual, walking in a southerly direction. Other tracks, of birds and animals, cross them in various directions

We say bird tracks, for the argument in favor of a fossil giant frog or lizard seems not to be so well supported in this case as the theory that the tracks first mentioned are those of some enormous fossil bird. The joint, number, spread and swelling of the toes are unmistakably of the ostrich family, but far larger than those of any living ostrich.—Though not so large as some of the fossil tracks of the Connecticut valley, these footprints, Professor Hitchcock says, must have been made by a bird that was twelve feet high—nearly twice as large as an ostrich. They measure about a foot in length, from heel to toe nail, and have a corresponding spread and emphasis. Some are still larger.

In the soft silt and ooze of what was then a muddy shore of the primeval sea these great birds, walking on a surface that became rapidly sun-baked between every returning tide, made a deep, sharply defined and clear cut impression at every step, and these tracks were filled up with silt and clayey mud by the next tide to varying depths. These depths are now marked by the thin but distinct strata of the freestone into which this mud was in due time converted. It is really astonishing to see what minute creatures, even little bugs, not bigger apparently than small horseflies, have here left the enduring and undeniable evidence of their hasty running on the soft and smooth surface of the ancient sea-beach, in lines of little tracks that are as clearly marked (though of course not so deep) as the tracks of their giant feathered cotemporaries. It was indeed a scene of teeming life on these ancient shores; a life of wondrous variety in its forms, as in the sizes of the creatures in which it was manifested. Here are great bird tracks, crossed by the smaller and sharp-clawed prints of some saurian creature, probably some extinct lizard. This fellow must have had not only long sharp claws but long heels. Other forms indicate a variety of creatures, some large, some minute. One marking looked like the close-fitting joints of a snake. The big bird tracks are separated by a stride of about three and a half feet, indicating a leisurely walk by the feathered biped who made them; probably he was hunting for some of the myriad of small creatures which abounded on the ancient shore.

Professor Hitchcock, who has secured specimens at Portland, at South Hadley, Mass., at Turner's Falls, Mass., and other places in the valley, has in his possession—or has seen a track measuring fourteen by twenty-two inches—a web footed creature, probably of the lizard tribe, whose stride was three feet seven inches. At Batterson's granite and marble works, on Main and Pleasant streets, there are freestone slabs from the Portland quarries containing very clearly defined tracks, which measure twenty inches or over. Professor Hitchcock ascribes them to a mammoth fossil frog or lizard, called the Otozoum. This fellow was evidently one of a very numerous brotherhood in this neighborhood. Compared with his basso-profundo note the bellowing of the bulls of Bashan must have been mild and mellow music. The worst croakers of these "hard times" could have taken valuable lessons of the Otozoum.

Those were the days of a hot and murky air, the days when the cooling and hardening shores of earth bristled with endless lines of roaring volcanoes, when the pterodactyl was yet a living creature, winging his dusky way through a warm, murky atmosphere, and the megatherium, for a more comfortable dinner, pulled down the succulent trees on which he dined. Huge creatures, bigger than the largest living elephant, and whose skeletons are still occasionally unearthed from the sites of ancient marshes, which, at some later period, became peat beds, were in those times abundant on these once tropical shores. It was a period of tremendous rains, and one of the most curious relics among the fossil markings on these red clay sandstones are certain smooth tablets, unearthed here at the Cove, on which are clearly impressed the unmistakable records of particular showers which (in Professor Hitchcock's opinion) must have made their impress 2,000 000 years ago! In one instance the crowded drops betoken a pouring rain; probably a momentary shower, which was insufficient to wash out its own record. In other specimens the scattered drops plainly show which way the wind was in the particular shower which, in a few passing moments of a year uncalendared, made the impress on the glossy tide-washed clay mud. "Here is one," said Professor Hitchcock, "which shows that the wind, when that rain fell, was from the northwest."

NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.—A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a small handful of lobelia in half a pint of water till the strength is out of the herb; then strain it off and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible and spread over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold till the pain is all gone; then cover the place with a soft, dry covering till all perspiration is over, so as to prevent taking cold. Rheumatism can often be relieved by application to the painful parts of cloths wet in a weak solution of salsoda in water. If there is inflammation in the joints the cure is very quick; the wash needs to be lukewarm.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A FARM and HOME OF YOUR OWN.

NOW is the TIME TO SECURE IT!

Only FIVE Dollars FOR AN ACRE

Of the best Land in America. 2,000,000 Acres in Eastern Nebraska, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, now for sale. 10 years' credit given; interest only 6 per cent. These are the only lands FOR SALE on the line of this GREAT RAILROAD, the WORLD'S HIGHWAY. Send for THE NEW ERA, a 32-page pamphlet, for those seeking new homes, ever published. Full information, with maps, sent Free. O. F. DAVIS, Land Agt. U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

A GREAT OFFER FOR HOLIDAYS!

We will during these HARD TIMES and the HOLIDAYS, dispose of 50 NEW PIANOS and ORGANS, of first class makers, at lower prices for cash, or instalments, than ever before offered. WATERS' PIANOS and ORGANS are the best MADE, warranted for 5 years. Illust'd Catalogue mailed. Great inducements to the trade. Pianos, rented, $5 per month. Second-hand Organs, 2 stops, $18; 4 stops, $53; 7 stops, $65. 8 stops, $70; 10 stops, $85; 12 stops, $90; in perfect order and used a year. Sheet music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East 14th Street, New York.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I am a regular physician and have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS,

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In their own localities, canvassing for the Free-side Visitor (enlarged). Weekly and monthly. Largest Paper in the World, with Mammoth Chromos Free. Big Commissions to Agents. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

40 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

PIANOS Retail price $490 only $265. Parlor Organs, price $340 only $55. Paper free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

25 Elegant Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. J. K. Harder, Malden Bridge, N. Y.

25 Fashionable Cards, Snowflake, Marble &c., with name, 10c. C. Walker & Co., Chatham Village, N. Y.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, Blair county, 12½ miles from East Tyrone and 2 miles from Bellwood, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, if desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the the first of March next, it will then be rented.

Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, Blair county, 3 miles from Altoona. The property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a railroad built to it, ready for shipping coal.

These lands will be sold as a whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER, Nov. 23, 1877.-1y. Box 859, Altoona.

LORETTO PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale at a low price and on easy terms TWO LOTS OF GROUND, well improved, in Loretto borough, on which is erected a comfortable and desirable two-story DWELLING HOUSE, 18x30 feet, with a good KITCHEN attached, as well as a substantial STABLE and other necessary OUTBUILDINGS. There are also on the premises, which are located on St. Mary's street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, a thriving Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of excellent water. For further informat on call on or address FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Esq., attorney in fact for PATRICK MEALLY.

Loretto, Oct. 12, 1877.-3m.

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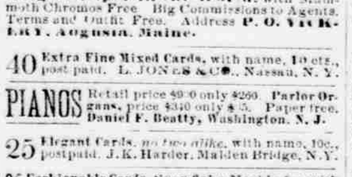
WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS!

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to HARRICK ROGERS & Co., 70 N. 4th St., Phila [1-1.78.-1y.]



With cold water or sweet milk make a batter and bake on a hot griddle. Ask your Grocer for it. [1-11. 3t.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. O'Cman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in German as well as English. 9-5,'77.-tf.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-21.'76.-3y.]

1878. THE 1878.

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A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Leading Journal of Western Pennsylvania, and one of the Largest, Liveliest, Cheapest and Best Newspapers in the U. S.

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Those of our readers who desire a good city Daily should by all means subscribe for the PITTSBURG DISPATCH, a Large, Live, Independent Paper, always foremost in obtaining and furnishing the Latest News, and beyond question one of the most readable, reliable and entertaining Daily Journals published in the United States. The DISPATCH will enter upon its Thirty-third year on the 8th of February. It is the largest paper in the State, giving the latest news by mail and telegraph from all quarters of the globe, including the fullest and most reliable Commercial and Financial reports; full and reliable Cattle Market, River and Oil Reports, daily reports of current events in the city, including Court News, Police Reports and general City Intelligence, Personal, Political and Society News, with carefully digested Editorial Comments upon all the more important topics of the day. Special correspondence from various points of interest, etc. Whether for the merchant, the Farmer, or the Family, the DISPATCH will be found a most reliable Journal and as such we can cheerfully commend it to the reading public. The best evidence of the popularity of the DISPATCH, is the fact that it is read by all classes, regardless of Country or Politics, and enjoys a circulation more than double that of any other paper in the State outside that of Philadelphia.

TERMS:—By mail to single subscribers, postage prepaid, $8.00 per annum; in clubs of 10 $6.00. Served by agents or carriers to single subscribers, 15 cents per week. Postmasters are authorized to receive single subscribers at $6.00 each. Send for a specimen copy.

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The Pittsburg Weekly DISPATCH, like the Daily, is printed from clear, new type, and is one of the choicest Family papers published. It is a large folio sheet containing all the most important news of the week, carefully collated and condensed, and omitting nothing essential. Indeed, as a newspaper, it is not surpassed by any similar publication in America; while the care with which its selections are made, render it a most reliable Journal for the family—a paper will replete with interesting reading matter, one that cannot fail to please. The Commercial, Financial and Oil Reports of the Weekly DISPATCH are made up with great care, and are always full and reliable, while to its Cattle Market reports equal attention is given. The Weekly DISPATCH is furnished to single subscribers at $1.50 a year, or in clubs of ten at $1.00, with a paper gratis to the party getting up the club. It is the cheapest paper in America, its size and the amount of reading matter it gives considered, and every family should have it.

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Around the Evening Lamp, during the coming winter evenings, be sure and subscribe for the Cincinnati

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Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance. Price only six cents.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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Miniature OIL PAINTINGS, On Luther's Patent Silk Canvas, in splendid clasp case, $3.00. Lady Agents wanted. Price of larger Paintings 8x10 inches, $10.00; 11x14, $25.00; 30x40, $100. Painted from any picture and a likeness guaranteed. Sent C. O. D. if desired. ☞ Agents, don't get behind-hand this time. L. T. LUTHER, [12-7.'77.-1y.] Corry City, Pa.

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Write immediately and state experience in this business, and a so age. Address,

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$777 is not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months' by any one of either sex in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. (3-3.-1y*)

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F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1 21,'76.-3y.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-21,'76.]

Telegraphing without Wires.

A Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Times* sends the following to that paper:

In these days of telephonic wonders nothing, if it is within the range of anything like probability, surprises us. Information has reached here recently that Professor Loomis, who has been in the mountainous region of West Virginia for some months, conducting a series of experiments with his proposed aerial telegraphy, has demonstrated fully that telegraphing without wires is practical. His manner of operating, which has on a previous occasion been described in this correspondence, has been endorsed by many scientists. It consists of running a wire up to a certain altitude, reaching a particular current of electricity, which according to Prof. Loomis, can be found at various heights. At any distance away, this same current can be reached by a similar wire, and communication can be had immediately. The apparatus necessary to bring about this wonder is very simple and inexpensive. It has been fully ascertained that telegraphic communication does not take place over or through the wires, but through the ground. The same communication continues when these electric currents supplied by nature are used. Professor Loomis has, as said before, telegraphed to parties eleven miles distant by merely sending up a kite, at each end of the distance, a certain height, attached to which, in the place of the ordinary string, was the fine copper wire.—When both kites, though eleven miles distant from each other, touched the same current, communication was had between them both, and messages were sent from one end to the other by means of the ordinary Morse instrument in connection with the instrument invented by Professor Loomis. It is showed that the theory on which he had worked for many years was the correct one, and that by the proper means, such as stationary wires arranged from natural or artificial eminences, could be operated successfully at all times. It is true that aerial telegraphy may not be much of a certainty during violent storms or electric showers, but it will not meet with more obstruction than the ordinary wire telegraphing, which is not at all sure during the periods spoken of. It will be a long time before aerial telegraphing can be carried on between places which are but a short distance apart, if, indeed, it ever will. In such cases the wires will continue to be used, though for long distances, such as for telegraphing from one side of the ocean to another, the aerial telegraph will take its place entirely. Professor Loomis has a scheme now on foot for a series of experiments from a point on one of the highest peaks of the Alps, in Switzerland, to a similarly situated place in the Rocky Mountains, on this side of the world. If this succeeds, of course his invention will rank in importance with that of the electric telegraph itself and be even greater than that of the telephone. All of the money necessary to carry on the experiment has already been promised, and it will not be many years, if it turns out to be a success, before ocean cables will be among the lost arts, and, having played their part, will be laid aside. The cost of aerial telegraphy will not be over one cent where the other is one thousand dollars.

SCARLET FEVER PRECAUTIONS.—The Boston Board of Health has issued the following as a circular, sending it to every house in the city. It deserves a careful perusal:

Scarlet fever is like smallpox in its power to spread rapidly from person to person. It is highly contagious. The disease shows its first signs in about one week after exposure, as a general rule, and persons who escape the illness during a fortnight after exposure may feel themselves safe from attack. Scarlet fever, scarantina, canker rash and rash-fever are names of the one and the same dangerous disease.

When a case of scarlet fever occurs in any family the sick person should be placed in a room apart from the other inmates of the house, and should be nursed as far as possible by one person only. The sick chamber should be well warmed. Its furniture should be such as will permit of its cleansing without injury, and all extra articles, such as window drapery and woolen carpets, should be removed from the room during the sickness. The family should not mingle with other people. Visitors to an infected house should be warned of the presence of a dangerous disease therein, and children, especially, should not be admitted.

On recovery the sick person should not go with or be washed in cold water, while the skin, due to the disease, shall have desquamated. A month is considered an average period during which desquamation is needed. The entire bedding should be cleansed by boiling for at least one hour, or if that cannot be done, by free and prolonged exposure to out door air and sunlight. The walls of the room should be dry rubbed, and the cloths used for that purpose should be burned without preliminary washing. The carpeting should be scraped and whitened; the floor should be washed with soap and water, carbolic acid may be added to the latter, from two to three or four gallons. The infected clothing should be cleansed by itself, and not sent to the laundry.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES.—As the season has arrived for forming new resolutions, we suggest the following. *Resolve*—

That you will decline the nomination for the Presidency.

That you will not claim the authorship of "Rock me to Sleep, Mother."

That you will not dig up a stone giant.

That you will not write a "family" novelette—"that Cross-eyed Sister-in-Law of Mine."

That you will not assist in celebrating the "centenni l" of anything during the year—unless it is your own.

That you will not commit an inexcusable murder by pointing an unloaded gun at a friend.

That you will not form a "Third Party."

That you will have nothing to do with getting up a baby show. The year 1878 is going to be a very unhealthy season for such shows.

That you will limit your visits to the residence of your prospective mother-in-law to seven nights in the week.

That you will, after you are married, get up fires and make the fires.

That you will not enter the lecture field.

That you will refrain from interviewing an editor to show his familiarity with literature.

That you will not write an article for your local paper, explaining how the Turks might have defeated the Russians and ended the war six months ago.

That, if you go on the stage, you will not make your audience tired.

That you will not write humorous paragraphs.

That you will not, if you have a big fortune and several heirs, shuffle off this mortal coil until you have spent all your money, in order to prevent a disgraceful wrangle over your will.

That you will not start a daily paper to fill a "long felt want."

That you will be original and keep a diary—for at least three weeks.

That you will not kill a lightning rod agent. Only expedition.

That you will subscribe for the FREEMAN and persuade all your friends to do likewise.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS.—The success of the leading literary paper of the West, THE CHICAGO LEDGER, is truly remarkable.—Since its introduction to the reading public, six years ago, THE LEDGER has steadily advanced in favor, and is now acknowledged second to no paper of the kind in the country. Its circulation is national, and has been obtained through the efforts of its publishers to produce a paper of high moral character. That they have succeeded, and well, too, the thousands of readers of THE LEDGER scattered from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida will bear testimony. THE CHICAGO LEDGER is a large forty-eight column weekly paper, which contains stories both complete and continued, written by the best authors of the day, and a great variety of information interesting to every one. The subscription price of THE LEDGER is only $1.50 per year, postage paid, and it is equal in every particular to other papers of the same character which sell for $3.00 a year. Three copies of this valuable paper will be sent to any one who sends 10 cts. and their address to THE LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

THE publisher of THE NURSERY has issued a list of premiums for obtaining subscribers to his popular magazine. The list comprises articles useful and ornamental, including books, games, knives, skates, and toys of all kinds. Here is a chance for boys and girls to obtain a nice gift by making a little healthful exertion. THE NURSERY, like the FREEMAN, entered upon its twelfth year this month, and is as full of life and animation as ever. The secret of its success is found between the covers every month. The price is $1.60 per year, or will be sent with the FREEMAN for $2.75, cash in advance, for both publications, with 15 cents extra from subscribers outside of the county. THE NURSERY is published by JOHN L. SHOREY, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, who will send a sample number with the premium list for 10 cents.

"THE DAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG."—A charming song with chorus, and twelve fine pages of instrumental and vocal music, from regular size music plates, constitute the musical attractions in the SCORE for January.

"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS;" a very beautiful sacred quartet with solos, will be found desirable.

The reading matter is more attractive than ever this month, and in fact we see no reason why the SCORE should not soon take front rank as a musical journal.

For four three-cent stamps they send music worth $1.70. Address

JOHN F. PERRY & CO., 628 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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IRON, NAILS, GLASS, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS, STOVES, TINWARE, HORSE RAKES, HARVEST'G TOOLS, GRINDSTONES, HOES, SHOVELS, SPADES, PUMPS AND TUBING, BLANCHARD CHURNS, &c.

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☞ I have also on hand a few good Sewing Machines, which I will sell at from $20 to $30 less than cost, and am agent for the great AMERICAN MEDIUM, the only changable self feed Gummer in the world,) which I will sell very low for cash.

Now is the Time to Secure Bargains BY BUYING A Big Lot of Goods for Very Little Money!

NOTICE!

☞ All persons knowing themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come forward without delay and settle their respective accounts, either by note or cash, and thereby save costs, as I must have my books closed in the shortest time possible.

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IT WILL PAY EVERYBODY TO VISIT PITTSBURGH TO HAVE DR QUINCY A. SCOTT EXTRACT THEIR TEETH WITHOUT PAIN BY HIS ABSOLUTELY SAFE ANÆSTHETIC, AS IT IS THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE,

And can be taken with entire confidence by old and young, and people in every condition of health.

Another Death from Laughing Gas.

Dr. G. Morley Harrison, a surgeon of 30 years standing in Manchester, England, lately died from an overdose of Laughing Gas. He was in perfect health, but the "gas" anæsthetizes very rapidly and he took a few inhalations too many. Jan. 4, 1878.-tf.

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Ebensburg, May 11, 1877 -tf.

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☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.

April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

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OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp and a full reply after examination, will be given you without charge.

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Contested Land Cases, Private Land Claims, Mining, preemption, and Homestead Cases presented before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior.

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Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the

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Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.

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LYKENS, Pa., December 14, 1875. *Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.*—Your Cough Syrup is doing wonders. Two doses cured me of a bad cough of one week's standing.—JAMES H. COOPER.

PITTSBURGH, March 21, 1876. *Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.*—Two bottles of your Imperial Cough Syrup cured me of a distressing cold, which settled on my lungs.—W. REES.

Price, 25 Cents.

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A CHEAP CORN BARN.

A good building for the storage of corn after being husked is a necessary adjunct to good farming, because by its means the crop can be saved in perfect order and thus higher prices realized. In building one, however, it is advisable to consult economy of cost, while at the same time securing the maximum of advantages. We propose to describe such a one as we have built, and which has answered its purpose most admirably.

First set two lines of posts in the ground, forming a parallelogram 6x24 feet. The posts to be three feet above the ground, and extending as far below. On the posts invert a milk pan, and secure in place by a shingle nail; or take strips of galvanized iron cut in a circle and nail on the sides of the posts, so as to form a projection sufficient to prevent the ascent of mice or other vermin. On these posts rest two sticks of timber 6x8 inches square, and on these as frameworks rest the floor joists, which are six feet long and 2x6 inches of area. These floor joists should be arranged three feet apart and nailed securely to this support. From the outer edge of every other joist erect the scantling for the sides—4x4 for the corners, and 3x4 for the others. These uprights should be ten feet long. Between these mortise two rails, to receive the boarding also 3x4. On the top nail a stringer, and connect the two sides at every other post, to insure against spreading. On the top erect a V roof, using 2x4 inch rafters, open boarding and shingles. The boarding should be 3 inch wide strips, with half inch spaces. In the center, run up three joists and open slat each side, so as to form a chimney, and thus give ample ventilation.

Such a building will require ten posts for its foundation, about 1,800 feet of lumber, and 2,000 shingles. As its dimensions are 6x24x10, it will contain 1,445 cubic feet, or about 1,200 bushels. The total cost should not exceed, for materials, fifty dollars. Yet this sum may be lessened considerably in many localities, according to the price of lumber. Such a building has been completely finished in Massachusetts for less than sixty dollars for materials and labor.

The annual interest on this building at 10 per cent. is but six dollars, or one cent a bushel of grain, and the saving of corn, especially in a year when the corn has ripened poorly, is very great.

TURNIPS OR MANGELS.—When a dairyman has once made up his mind to try roots as milk and butter producers, he will find it difficult to make a choice of kinds. Mangel, sugar beets, carrots, parsnips, ruta bagas and turnips all have their friends, and each one seems to possess some special advantage peculiarly its own. Our limited experience would lead us to favor the planting of at least three kinds—sugar beets, parsnips and turnips. These three may be planted and harvested at different times, and should be fed out in regular succession. We very much doubt the value of others as butter producers, but for milk any one of them will cause a gain on the pail. Joseph Harris, who is a noted authority, thus compares turnips and mangels: "The seed for an acre of mangels costs more than for an acre of turnips, and the singling out or hoeing costs perhaps a little more per acre. But the mangels, after they once get fairly started, will stand our hot sun and dry weather better than the turnips. The turnips are liable to mildew and club-foot, while the mangels are rarely subject to any serious diseases. Mangels will keep later in the spring than turnips; they are, or ought to be, more nutritious than turnips, and as feed for milch cows they are decidedly better than turnips, as they do not flavor the milk. And a feed of yellow mangels, and a little corn meal, and a good corn fodder, will produce butter in winter that needs no annatto for home use." Perhaps the chief value of these roots in feeding cows for butter is that they enable the animal to digest properly a greater amount of more nutritious food by keeping the digestive organs in a healthy condition.

TO CORRECT BAD TASTES IN BUTTER.—The disagreeable tastes given to milk and butter when the cows are fed upon turnips may be effectually corrected by the use of a little common nitre (or saltpetre), but the common mode of using this preventive is not the best. It has been usual to put a lump of saltpetre in the milk-pail. It will sometimes happen, however, that the nitre remains undissolved and the milk retains the objectionable flavor. Instead of this make a strong solution of saltpetre—say a pint of boiling water upon an ounce of saltpetre—and, when thoroughly dissolved, put it in a bottle and stand in a cool place. Before milking, put into a milk-pail a spoonful of this solution, or more, according to the quantity of milk expected, and all turnip flavor will be entirely destroyed. The same substance will also, in a great degree, destroy the bad flavor given to butter by the yellow crowsfoot or